Cambria Freeman.

A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

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IN MID AIR.

...n't not get back to Chili that way, ... not with a whole throat, that is. I'd ... go from here across the Pampas, ... in spite of the wild Indian horse- ... and their fire-hardened spears, than I ... try the smooth, broad pass of San ... over the Cordilleras, here at hand. ... fences and carosses rifled in nine ... And not a soldier to protect the ... The saints be good to us, for the ... ment of the Republic does little for ... to the west. Only, if I were you ... Carlos Digby, I would not be in too ... a hurry to make acquaintance with ... and his band."

...e were the facts of the case: I, the ... Digby to whom my excellent ... Don Miguel Lopez, storekeeper and ... of the pretty town of San Juan, had ... the above well-intended warn- ... simply a young Englishman, who ... long enough in South America to ... in Spanish speech, and to have ... something of the peculiarities of ... country. I was—being by profession ... superintendent or manager ... Hermandad Silver Mine, on ... or Chilian side of the south- ... of the Andes, and I had crossed ... to San Juan to arrange for ... and transport of provisions ...

...homeward road had suddenly ... and difficult. A band ... headed by a noted leader ... were committing great cruel- ... ordinary road that led across ... In little more than a week ... stripped above a hundred travel- ... robbed all, murdered several, and ... who had offered resistance or ... of possessing hoarded ... The little town of San ... crowded with travelers, unwill- ... the risk of proceeding on their ...

...those thus detained was a young ... lady, who, with her parents and ... brother, were on their way to ... Buenos Ayres, where they re- ... was a very beautiful girl, whose ... and bright complexion looked ... paler because the style of her ... contrasted so forcibly with the ... black flashing eyes, and sallow ... olive-skinned Spanish senoras. ... more than once during my ... through the streets and the plaza, ... not acquainted, and it was by ... accident that I learned ... name of the family was Trevor.

...I lost all patience, and, chafing at ... yet unwilling to run into the ... Andes by attempting the Felipe Pass, ... and a guide, and, leaving ... I had bought to follow me at ... set off for the more rugged and ... frequented passage called Los ... The Cross, an especially toil- ... and fatiguing the pilgrim over some ... of ground in the Southern An- ... which was reasonably secure from ...

...day's march was easy and un- ... The saddle, or cultivated plain, ... and then came the gradual ... spurs of the mountain range, ... they were with hamlets, fields, ... and there the silent shaft and ... crosses and scoriæ that indi- ... location of some abandoned ...

...Senor Inglese," said ... young Indian from ... above us, "that our real ... This is a mere promenade, ... smooth and long to clear ... from the halting-place to ... before dawn and dark."

...a farm-house, and, before noon ... day, I had reason to agree ... had overrated the labors ... The path was steep, rugged ... it led amidst the most ... and inaccessible heights of ... No four-footed crea- ... other than a mule could ... to carry a load up so ... a track as that, which ... a mile among the beet- ... and yawning gulfs, ... the most characteristic ... the scenery of the higher ...

...Peace, progress, and, after ... in places where a fall or ... might have entailed a drop of ... hundred feet upon sharp stones or ... we found ourselves, earlier ... than I had anticipated, near the ... of the wild pass. Early as we ... arrived we found ourselves pre- ... by a party of travelers, whose ... could see on the narrow ... zigzagging in irregular curves over ...

...Indian, English sir!" said my ... to make the remark how slow ... and the progress of the group in ... front, now broken and steep the ...

...path just coming to the Paso del ... within bow-shot arrow-flight of the whole ... and it isn't just like a book- ... Signora's parlor, yonder in my ... where the books have the best of ... readily there; whereas, on the ... one, a stumble, or a gust of ... may send you——see!" And he ... to the edge of the precipice a large ... which awoke the slumbering echoes ... as it leaped from crag to crag ... the depths, too far for the eye to ...

...There was really some fanciful re- ... semblance to a bookshelf, being simply a ledge of bare stone, running along the face of a tall, gaunt rock, while the road, being narrow, and u- erly unprovided with rail, or bank, or parapet, overlooked the awful abyss below, at the bottom of which, faintly visible, a torrent gurgled along its boulders of water-worn stone. An uglier place of passage, or one more calculated to shake weak nerves, I had never seen, and I could well imagine that, in time of snow or storm, to attempt it would have been a foolhardy exploit. In fine weather and broad daylight, however, it could, no doubt be traversed in tolerable security.

The travelers in front were all mounted, and pushed on, as the width of the path dictated, in Indian file. First of all rode, as I judged, a girl, whose plumed hat danced gaily in the yellow sunlight; then came a stripling on a mule; and after these, followed five other persons, two mounted, three on foot. Those on foot were talking loudly and gesticulating vehemently. Their harsh laughter came faintly back to us as we advanced.

"They have given drink to their guides, the imprudent ones!" muttered Antonio, shaking his head. "Lucky for them that it is fine weather, and a peon from the pobias, who knew the road, could——Ay de mi!" And he dropped on his knees, and began to tell the beads of his rosary with a passionate fervor, which would have astonished me more had not my business brought me much in contact with the strange, impressionable race to which he belonged. I knew that there must be a cause for this sudden outbreak of religious zeal.

"What is it?" I asked, impatiently. Leave off, man, mumbling out the names of the saints, for one minute, and give me a plain answer. What is wrong?"

Antonio jerked his elbow towards the suddenly overcast sky. Around the peak of the giant volcano, to northward, heavy clouds had gathered; while, elsewhere, a thin white film, like flax from the spindles of the Fates, spanned the turquoise blue of the southern heaven.

"What is it?" I asked, as I noticed that the mule, snorting, and evidently frightened, seemed trying to squeeze itself against the rocky wall.

"It is coming—coming!" cried Antonio, hoarsely.

"What is coming?" I exclaimed, angrily. "Tell me, scoundrel, or——"

"You'll know soon enough. El Vente del Muerte—the Wind of Death—Great Gregory, Rose of Lima, my patron, save us now!" replied the guide, as a lurid flash of lightning illumined the whole mountain panorama, and, mingling with the diapason of the thunder, came a shriek, as of an imprisoned spirit let loose, and a rush of bitterly cold wind fairly hurled me against the rock, to which I clung for support, while the mule, sobbing and panting, cowered down upon its knees. For some four or five minutes this resistless blast endured, and, when it relaxed its fury, my first thought was to creep forward on hands and knees and to look upwards, so as to ascertain what had happened to the travelers on the rocky ledge above. To my horror, the shelf of stone was empty. No; on it there remained, pressed against the rock, one slender figure in female garb; while near her, crouched down like a terrified dog, stood the mule from which she had dismounted. The rest were gone!

So sudden, so dreadful, was the catastrophe that had occurred, almost before my eyes, that for some moments I remained as though incredulous of the full horror of the scene. The voice of my guide, as he moaned out, "May they find mercy, whoever they were. Pray for those who are dead. Pray, too, for her who is about to die! Pobra Nina!"

The Indian's quick eyes were not at fault. It was a woman—a girl—and by her dress probably a lady, who was in mortal peril within a few yards of me.

"Come, Antonio!" I cried, staggering as I rose to my feet; "on, and we may yet be in time to save one life at least. Twenty dollars, man, if we save her!" I added, impatiently, as my dusky fellow remained motionless.

"Not all the silver in Chili, cavalier, would profit the wretch who should venture to cross the Paso, there, when El Torazo wears his cap of clouds, and the death wind is blowing. I'm no coward, senor; but I'll not risk life on such a cast."

"If you won't, I will; and alone, too!" I answered, hotly; and, without paying any attention to the warnings which the Indian shouted after me, I scrambled up the steep and winding road, and stood upon the Paso del Diablo itself, being careful to keep as close as possible to the bare rock wall, and away from the precipice.

Most fortunately, the force of the furious wind had slackened since the first terrible gust had exacted its early toll of human victims, or, otherwise, I doubt if the hardiest mountaineer could have traversed that place of peril. As it was, it cost me a desperate struggle to keep my foothold and advance towards where the girl stood, partly screened by a large stone that must, years before, have fallen from above, and which was overgrown with moss and lichen. Near her was the mule, its feet firmly planted on the rock, and its heaving flank all but flattened against the flinty wall, while its eyes, stony with terror, seemed to stare at the narrow platform on which we stood. I took in, I scarcely know how, all these details, as it became incumbent on me to creep past the mule, which partly obstructed the path, and, in doing so to, to skirt the perilous verge of the abyss. I had now lost my grasp of the overhanging wall, to which I had hitherto clung with an eager clutch, and began to fear that the rushing wind would bear me away over the edge of the rock; but, though I reeled under the force of the blast, I kept my feet, and reached the spot where the girl was kneeling, with clasped hands and averted face.

Before I could sp ak, the mule, in the agony of its alarm, set up the screaming cry which its species utter under the influence of pain or rage, and the girl turned her head, and, for the first time, saw me. My recognition of her was immediate. Well did I remember that golden hair; those blue eyes, dilated as they now were, and expressive only of grief and fear; that fair, pure face! It was the beautiful English girl I had seen at San Juan, and doubtless, her late companions had been her own family, of which she was, alas! the sole survivor.

"Save them! Oh save them!" she exclaimed in Spanish. "Go to their help, sir, for the love of heaven! My poor father—my dear mother—my brother — All! all——"

She wrung her hands, pointing with a piteous gesture to the edge of the cliff.

"I fear, Miss Trevor," I began, speaking in our own language, when the girl gave a little start and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"You know me?" she said; "yet—" and she paused for a moment, looking wonderingly at me, and then slowly murmured, "Ah! yes—I recollect—in San Juan, yonder!"

And even at that terrible time a faint blush rose to her cheek, as she possibly recognized in me the strange Englishman whose eyes had, perhaps, too openly expressed the admiration that he felt for beauty such as hers.

This, however, was no time, nor was the Paso del Diablo a fitting place, for fine speeches or elaborate apologies.

"Miss Trevor," said I earnestly, "I am here to save you if I can. Every minute that we linger here adds to the chance that a fresh squall may set in, and, should it do so, it may be beyond human strength to get beyond this perilous ledge. Twenty yards off, as you see, is an angle in the path, by turning which, as I judge, we shall be comparatively safe. I will endeavor to support you if you will——"

She interrupted me with an earnest prayer that I would leave her where she was, and go to the rescue of her parents and brother. Their need, she said, was greater than hers. I was, of course, but too well aware that these unfortunate persons must be beyond the reach of any earthly aid, but to say so would have been gratuitously cruel, and I therefore urged on her the necessity for accepting my escort so far as the nearest hamlet or cluster of miners' huts, promising to return with ropes and men, and to undertake a search for her lost relatives, which, alone, I could not hope to carry out. She was very gentle and confiding, as a child might have been, and rose up from her knees, expressing her willingness to follow me. And just then some flakes of snow came whirling down, whitening the rocky platform.

There were, as I have said, some twenty yards to traverse before reaching a corner, by rounding which, as I conjectured, we should have quitted the ledge of rock and gained the wider road beyond. But twenty yards, in some cases, may give cause for more anxiety than leagues of ordinary wayfaring. I had need of all my strength to support Miss Trevor's uncertain steps as she advanced, and, when we drew near to the angle in the path, I perceived, with no slight trepidation, that she was trembling like an aspen leaf, as her eyes were turned towards the tremendous gulf below.

"Hold me back! Pray hold me!" she exclaimed, almost wildly. "It draws me to it—it will——"

I understood her, luckily. I am one of those men who can remain cool and steady on the dizzy verge of a precipice. That is a mere question of constitutional temperament, for I have known the bravest, who have faced death on the battle-field without flinching, utterly unnerved by the terrible fascination which a yawning depth below the gazer's feet can exert upon him. The dread desire to plunge, and end life and fear at once, I could well appreciate; and I saw that Miss Trevor would never get round the sharp angle of the rock, where the path narrowed to a width of some eighteen inches at most.

By a sudden impulse, I caught up the girl in my arms, and by a mighty effort succeeded in rounding that dangerous point, and in reaching, as I had expected, the broader road beyond. The snow was falling fast, while still the thunder rolled, and the ice-cold wind swept howling past. Already the road was white with fallen flakes. Far across the deep valley, on an opposite table-land, I descried the walls of a convent nestling amidst trees, and with farm buildings and Indian cottages around it. Could we but reach it we should be safe, but the only way to gain it speedily was evidently by crossing one of those suspension bridges of native construction, which spanned the ravine from side to side. And this, in rough weather such as we were experiencing, presented no trifling risk. These bridges—which moved the wonder and admiration of the Spanish conquerors, and which still afford the only means of crossing some of the ghastly chasms that soam the mountain range—are apparently frail constructions of grass-rope, twisted by Indian hands, the floor, a strip of matting; the hand-rail, a cord of grass; while, even with a light weight to carry, the passage is, to a novice, more exciting than agreeable.

With these remarkable bridges I was tolerably familiar, although I had never before seen one which spanned so wide and profound a gulf as that which now yawned beneath us, as I led Miss Trevor across the seemingly fragile construction, which rocked in the wind as a hammock on board a ship might do. We had traversed some two thirds of the distance, when a fresh and more violent gust came howling through the pass, and it was all that I could do to prevent Miss Trevor from being dashed from the quivering bridge, on the floor of which we were both compelled to crouch, while the pliant matting that supported us swayed to and fro like a swing in a play-ground, and the snow and hail flew around us. The snapping of a rope, the giving way of a few strands of the plaited grass that bore us up, meant death, instant and inevitable. And even should the tough grass-cords endure the strain upon them, we were in no slight danger of losing our hold from sheer exhaustion, and of being jerked from the bridge as a stone is propelled from a sling. Once I made a resolute effort to lead the way to firm ground, but the violence of the vibration, as we neared the steeply-sloping extremity of the bridge, all but tore me from my hold of the tough fibres, and we were thankful to regain the middle of the narrow web, with which we swayed, backwards and forwards, as we may see a spider swinging on a single thread.

The intense cold which, as often happens in the Andes, seemed the more intolerable on account of the heat of the morning—so benumbed the delicate frame of my fair companion that I constantly feared that before the storm should cease she would have sank into that fatal lethargy that knows no waking. By chafing her cold hands, and, in spite of her remonstrances, wrapping her in the loose coat I wore, which was fortunately a woolen one, I saved her, at anyrate for the time, from frost-bite or stupor, although the snow and frozen hailstones whitened our garments, as we crouched waiting, rather than hoping, for deliverance.

Hours elapsed, and the wind abated, but I began to despair. No traveler might come that way for days, while I could not anticipate that Miss Trevor could endure the keen frost of the coming night in that exposed situation. Yet, how was it possible for me, in her exhausted state, to —— What was that sound? A loud halloo from human and, as it seemed, friendly voices, and instantly I replied to the hail. Then there came, creeping towards us over the plaited floor, a lithe figure, followed by another, while the voices of those on the bank were raised in a cheer of encouragement.

"Safe and sound, Caballero! St. Nicholas and the Virgin be praised for that! Ay, and the senorita, too!" said the well-known voice of Antonio, my guide—for he it was who headed the party. "Why, then, I'll say all my days, Inglese, that you bear a charmed life. Few who cross the Paso——"

But I did not hear the rest of the Indian's speech, for now, for the first time, I, too, grew faint and giddy, and realized the terrible strain on mind and body which the excitement of peril had enabled me to maintain, and, though I sided in lifting Miss Trevor's almost insensible form from the snow, I can remember nothing more until I found myself lying on the bed in a guest-chamber of the convent, while a bearded monk, in brown robe and rope girdle, was warming something in a pipkin over a brazero of glowing charcoal.

"Drink this, Englishman!" said the good-natured Capuchin, as he poured the hot wine into a large silver cup, emblazoned with the armorial bearing, of some Spanish viceroy of long ago; "drink this, and then get to sleep again, if you can. Nothing like it when once you are warm and sheltered. Yes, yes," he added, with a smile, as he anticipated my question, "the young lady, too, is well, and asleep, too, I dare say. Heretics or not, you and she are welcome here, cavalier!"

I have little more to relate. Of the remains of the unfortunate persons who fell over the rock of El Paso, no trace was ever found, although, at Miss Trevor's urgent entreaty a long and painful search was instituted among the glens below. But so wild and broken was the ground, and so intersected by snowdrifts, torrents, and thorny thickets, that from the first the Indian miners and herdsmen despaired of success, and, as I have said, the bodies were never recovered. So soon as my beautiful charge had regained strength enough to enable her to travel, I accompanied her to the city of Santiago, where her father's sister resided, and there, beneath her aunt's roof, I left her to mourn for the dear ones whom she was never more to behold. But our parting was not for long. I became a frequent visitor to Santiago, and was a frequent guest in the house of Ellen Trevor's aunt. There after a while I told her my love, and thence I led my bride to the altar, if I may use so high-flown an expression concerning the Consular Office, with its whitewashed walls placarded with announcements of wreck and salvage, and other matters interesting to mariners, where we were married.

BLUNT men are generally sharp.

A HEROIC SAILOR.

A WHALING VOYAGE ABANDONED TO SAVE THE VICTIMS OF A PRIVATEER.

WASHINGTON, December 9.—In the Court of Commissioners of Alabama Claims to-day in the case of Wm. Phillips vs. the United States, the opinion of the Court was delivered by Judge Jewell as follows: This is a claim made by the owners of the bark Richmond for compensation for the use of the said vessel and damage for consequent loss of the "catch" of the same. It appears that the bark Richmond was in the month of June, 1865, in the Northern Pacific Ocean, near Behring Straits, pursuing the whaling business. The Confederate cruiser Shenandoah had captured a large number of whalers, and among them the bark Generae Pike. The others had been burned and the General Pike spared, and the officers and crews of the other vessels, to the number of 252, placed on board of her for conveyance to the nearest port which they might be able to reach. The last of these captures was on the twenty-eighth day of June. On the first day of July the captain of the Richmond felt himself compelled to take on board of his own vessel a portion of the officers and men from the General Pike, under circumstances fully detailed by him in a statement annexed to the petition, which is as follows. He also added the statement of the master:

STATEMENT OF THE MASTER OF THE RICHMOND.

We left Honolulu in the bark Richmond, bound on a whaling cruise to the Arctic Ocean. While in the prosecution of such, on our arrival in the vicinity of Behring Straits, we came up with a whale ship on fire; not knowing the cause of it I began saving such articles as I could from the wreck, as she had drifted into the ice, and her mast falling over the side. I found I could save many articles valuable to the use of my own bark, and as the wind was against me I was not losing much time by so doing. While doing this a ship came to me with all sail set, steering to the southward, hailing me as he passed by and telling me there was a pirate close at hand, at the same time advising me to flee as he was doing, for probably all that remained would be destroyed. But on due consideration I determined not to leave, for I would as quickly lose the ship as to go without oil. I came to the conclusion I would await a southerly storm or foggy spell usual at such times of the year and take advantage of the opportunity and get through the Straits in spite of the Shenandoah, as it proved to be. My experience in those waters would enable me to do this. While waiting for a favorable opportunity to do this we raised a sail in the north coming towards us. A few hours after the wind died away, and a boat was lowered from her and came in pursuit of us. Coming alongside I was surprised to see so many faces of shipmasters. They had been taken by the Shenandoah and put on board the General Pike. They stated they were crowded and suffering from want of room, &c. They all joined in begging me for the sake of humanity to relieve them. I went on board of the Genaral Pike to see for myself, and found they had not misrepresented the matter. I next returned to my own vessel, consulted with my officers and came to the conclusion we ought to relieve them. I then told the ship masters and prisoners that if they still insisted on my taking a portion of them and would give me the same in writing with their signatures, which was agreed to and signed by all the ship-masters, I dare not do otherwise. Under such conditions I had to submit. They put on board of me fifty-two men, and with those I sailed for Honolulu, thereby losing my season.

(Signed) W. P. WEEKS, Master.

STATEMENT OF MASTERS.

AT SEA, July 1, 1865.—We, the undersigned, do solemnly swear that our ships were burned by the pirate Shenandoah, and we are placed, with our crews, on board of the bark General Pike, 252 men, all told, and being afraid of sickness on account of the crowded state of the ship, we requested Captain Weeks, of the bark Richmond, to take some of our men, which he kindly consented to do out of humanity's sake.

O. G. Robinson, Captain bark Gypsey.
Huson Winslow, Captain bark Isabella.
Wm. H. Phillips, bark Catharine.
F. S. Redfield, brig Susan Abagail.
James M. Clark, bark Nimrod.
P. H. Cooley, bark Wm. C. Nye.
Wm. Benjamin, ship General Williams.
Hebron M. Crowell, bark General Pike.

The conduct of the master of the Richmond, as shown in this statement, in refusing to flee from the Shenandoah, saying he would "as quick lose his ship as to go without oil," supporting his declaration by his action in remaining, and in finally yielding to the considerations of humanity, what he would not yield to fear, is worthy of the highest praise. His desire of making a cargo of oil was greater than his fear of capture by the Shenandoah. What fear could not constrain him to do, feelings of humanity did. After a careful examination of the necessity he voluntarily abandoned his own adventure to save the lives of the officers and men put in peril upon the overcrowded General Pike. Nothing more honorable or praiseworthy has been shown in all our hearings. Can the Court make compensation for the loss thereby incurred? We are compelled to say that under no view of the act of Congress creating this Court can we find authority so to do. The claims admissible before us must be such as directly result from damage caused by the so-called insurgent cruisers. In two cases heretofore considered by us where vessels were captured by the Alabama, and the crews of other vessels put on board for transportation to a port of discharge, we have awarded compensation for such compulsory service, but both these vessels had been actually captured. Here there was no capture. The petition must be dismissed.

WHAT relation is profanity to crime? First cussin'.

A HERO-CRIMINAL.

A French correspondent writes: The old saying that truth is stranger than fiction has rarely received a more striking illustration than in a case which has just been brought before one of the French tribunals. Thirteen years ago a soldier named Jean Lastier was sentenced to five years penal service and ten years' surveillance by the police for having insulted one of his superior officers and stolen a few shirts. He was sent to Africa to undergo his sentence, and his conduct was so exemplary that he wss employed as book-keeper to the prison. At the expiration of his sentence he was ordered by the police to reside in a small town in the south, but as everybody knew he was a returned convict it was with the utmost difficulty that he could obtain any kind of employment. The commissioner of police, knowing how well he had behaved while in prison, interested himself on his behalf, and induced a tradesman of the town to employ him as a messenger. He fulfilled his duties so zealously that the tradesman promoted him to the post of cashier, and in course of time the returned convict married his daughter and entered into partnership. Three months after his marriage the war broke out, and Lastier, anxious to rehabilitate himself completely, voluntered his services, and joined a regiment of the line. He was taken prisoner at Gravelotte, but managing to escape he rejoined his corps in time to take part in the battle around Orleans. From thence he passed into the army of the east under Bourbaki, and received no less than eight wounds. At the end of the campaign he had become a sub lieutenant, and had received the military medals, which had been given him on the battle field. He was almost a hero in his regiment, and when he returned to his father-in-law's house nearly all the town turned out to meet him. Soon afterward his father-in-law died, and Lastier, with his wife and two children, determined to reside in Paris. His term of surveillance had not expired, but the local police had ceased to treat the sub-lieutenant as a returned convict, and placed no obstacle in his way. He had lived quietly in Paris for nearly a year, when a few weeks ago he was accompanying a friend to the Orleans railway station. The latter had a dog with him, and this dog was attacked in the street by another. The respective proprietors while attempting to separate them came to high words, and at last to blows. Jean Lastier, who naturally took his friend's part, was, with the other two arrested by the police, and was of course compelled to show his "papers," etc. His antecedents being known, the Paris police finding that he had left the place of residence assigned to him before the expiration of the ten years, had no choice but to proceed against him and being brought before the correctional tribunal of the Seine, he has just been condemned to two months' imprisonment for breach of regulations. This is unfortunately the law, but it is not justice, and your readers will, I am sure, be glad to learn that an Englishman who happened to be acqnainted with the facts of the case has brought the matter before Marshal MacMahon, and has reason to hope that the poor fellow will receive the free pardon to which he is so fully entitled.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.—Says the Brooklyn *Argus:* They sat upon an inverted wash-tub (directly under a window) dreaming wild dreams of love. With her great starry eyes upturned to his, she softly whispered, "Will you always, always love me, Warren?" murmured back?

"Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And"——

Then he sprang to his feet in a wild panic, and made frenzied efforts to get his face through a coating of something that seemed to have fallen from the clouds. Cleaning his eyes he shot one quick glance of hatred up to the window, made a bolt for the back gate, and disappeared from the startled girl's side. Old gentleman upstairs, turning to his wife, remarks, "There, Malinda, I bet $500 I've knocked that blamed bowl of hot starch out of the winder, and upsot the whole on't." The desolate maiden has no lover now, but goes around with an unquiet glare in her downcast eyes.

THE State seal of Indiana, which represents "a full-grown buffalo bull deliberately rushing up to a granger who is not chopping down a tree at sunrise," is not by any means the most remarkable of the devices employed for that purpose. Georgia offers something more astonishing in a picture of an absurd summer-house supported by three pillars and guarded by a Continental soldier with weak legs; and Kentucky actually presents a figure of General Washington in the act of holding up an intoxicaied friend, in order to keep him from falling against a book case in the background. After this California's device of Minerva sitting on a stone, while a cinnamon bear nibbles her left leg, seems artistic and nice.

A MAN at Franklin has invented an "adjustable dam." We would like a few dozen—assorted sizes. They would come handy when fitting stove-pipe joints together.

GAVE UP BELIEVING ALTOGETHER.—"When I was a young man," said the Judge, mopping the beer off his trousers with a handkerchief which he had borrowed from Billy Wood, "I knew a blacksmith in our village who was one of the hardest tickets in the place. A revival preacher came along and Tom was converted. It made a great change in him, and he was held up by church people as a signal example of the saving power of grace. After Tom had been traveling on the road to heaven for about three weeks his turn came to be examined on his fitness for church membership. Tom was an awful heathen, and although he could sing and pray with the loudest he couldn't read, and knew no more about the Bible than a wild African. The Session (I think that's what they call it) met one Saturday night and Tom went in, with his face washed and his cap in his hand, looking a little embarrassed, but as happy as new converts always are. He told him the story of Jonah and the whale, and asked him if he believed that.

"Believe that a man was in a whale's belly an' come out alive?" cried Tom. "Do the Bible say that, parson?"

"Certainly, certainly, brother."

"Oh, yes, yes; of course I believe it," says Tom.

"Do you believe that the three Hebrew children, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, were cast into a furnace heated seven times hotter than usual, and that they walked in the flames praising the Lord, and not even their garments were singed?"

Tom's eyes bulged out of his head as he looked at the parson and gasped:

"Do the Bible say that, parson?"

"Yes, of course, my brother."

"That them fellers you spoke of walked around in fire seven times hotter'n I kin heat my forge?"

"Yes, my brother; do you believe it?"

Tom rose up and got out into the aisle. Then he sputtered:

"No, I don't. And I don't believe that damn fish story neither, now."—*Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.*

HER CAT.—"Emeline Arnold, did you strike your husband with a poker?" asked the court of a square-shouldered woman without any bustle on. "And what did he do?" she squeaked. "The poker question takes the preference, Mrs. Arnold. Did you play poker on his head?" "You don't know what I have to stand from him!" "Answer my question, Mrs. Arnold." "If you knew that man as I do, judge! I had thirty-six dollars in cash when we were married, five years ago, and he has run through with every dollar of it!" "The—poker—the poker!" "Well, I did hit him," she replied, finding herself cornered at last, "but what did he do—answer me that!" "I can't do it." "Well, sir, he kicked a cat that has been in our family for three years!" "Is Mr. Arnold here?" asked the court, looking over the audience. Mr. Arnold, with his head bound up, had been waiting to swear against his wife, but suddenly overtaken with remorse he rushed out doors as the court called. "Mrs. Arnold, you may go home," said his honor, "and if you feel it your duty to strike your husband with a poker occasionally, I suppose I can't help it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE attorney in a Denver cow case concluded his argument as follows: "May it please your honor, this is a stupendous question. Its decision by you, on this day, will live in judicial history long after you and I shall have passed from this scene of earthly glory and sublunary vanity; when the tower of Pisa shall be forgotten; when Waterloo and Borodino shall grow dim in the distant cycles of receding centuries; when the names of Eugene, Marlborough and Napoleon are no longer remembered; when the pyramids of the Pharaohs shall have crumbled into dust; when the hippopotamus shall cease to inhabit its native Nile; when our own rock-ribbed territory shall no more grow 300 pound squashes—even then your ruling upon this demurrer will still survive in the antique volumes of legal lore as fresh, green and imperishable as a Big Thompson grasshopper or a Colorado potato-bug."

NO CHANCE.—An Atlanta youth, gotten up in the latest style, left a West End car and tripped across to a house where a little boy was sitting on the front steps whittling with a new Barlow knife. The boy looked up and said:

"I say, young man, yer don't want ter be coming around here any more, yer don't I?"

"Why, Charlie, what's the matter?"

"'Cause there's a feller what wears a diamond bress-pin and rides in his own horse and buggy a comin' here to see Sis now, and a fellow like you, what has ter ride 'round in a bob-tail street kyr hain't got no show, 'cept to take a front seat on the back feuce and watch 'em fixen' things for the weddin'?"

The young man turned away looking like a sweet potato vine after a black frost.

A LADY who was teaching her little four year old the elements of arithmetic was amused by his running to her and pompounding the following problem: "Now, mamma, if you had three butterflies, and each butterfly had a bug in its mouth, how many butterflies would you have?"

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - Dec. 17, 1875.

On Wednesday last, the House of Representatives, by a vote of 232 to 18, drove the nail in the *third* term coffin, so far as it had the power. We will publish the vote next week.

Mr. Blaine has got his amendment before Congress, to prevent States from establishing religion, or dividing the school funds. New Hampshire is about the only State that will be affected by it.

We publish this week the prospectus of the Pittsburgh *Post* for 1876. It is hardly necessary for us to enlarge on the ability and merits of so old an established and so widely known an organ of the Democratic party as the *Post*. That it has always been true to the cause of Democracy, as well in prosperity as in adversity, is universally conceded, and is its highest recommendation to the support of the party. We wish it an increased measure of success in the future.

The Pottsville *Journal*, a Republican paper, does not believe that a great religious war is possible in America, even in politics, and still less does it believe that if such a war should arise victory is foreordained to perch upon the banners of that party which makes Ulysses S. Grant its leader. Bishop Haven, it says, is a strong man, and occupies a position of enormous influence, but it regrets that he should use it to the fomenting of religious strife. If we must have a religious war, let it come, remarks the *Journal*, but do not let it be precipitated by the action of the Methodist Church.

Senator Wallace's remarks that the "Forty-fourth Congress had now been intrusted to the Democracy, and it was for them to prove their ability to lessen the burdens of an oppressed and overtaxed people, to stop the leaks and to punish wrong-doers; economy must mark every step, and the Government be administered for the benefit of all sections; the Democracy were about to enter upon their trial; the people themselves were the judges; it was for the Democrats in Congress to prove their fitness for the high places to which they were called; they must be governed by statemanship deep and wide enough to cover every section and the great interests of all, and judgment and discretion must mark their pathway," will meet with a hearty response all over the country. The only thing to prevent reform, and the exposure and punishment of crime and official corruption will be the Radical Senate and President Grant.

To give one an idea of the superlative cheek of the Shepherd Ring in Washington, it is only necessary to state the fact that the estimates for public works in 1860 was $300,000. In 1877 (the current financial year) they were swollen, under the influence of Boss Shepherd and other Rings, to $16,755,082. Not satisfied with this, the Secretary now demands for them no less than $23,591,420 for 1877! This sum includes over five millions for custom houses; nearly a million for armories and arsenals; two millions for fortifications; fourteen millions for harbors; three millions for buildings under the Washington Ring; nearly two millions for navy yards; over half a million for military structures, and so on. One would suppose, to quote the language of the Pittsburgh *Post*, that we had not only concluded to go to war, but to go crazy also. The House of Representatives will have to apply the knife fearlessly to these estimates.

The Keystone State bears off a very full measure of honors in the way of chairmanships in the U. S. Senate, considering the kind of material we furnish. The veteran Cameron has the portfolio of Foreign Relations, a place long dignified by a Sumner; Patterson, of Juniata county, by courtesy called a South Carolinian, being a scholar and a son of t l, is charged with the interests of Education and Labor, and Clayton, of Delaware county, who occasionally claims a residence in Arkansas, being a stubborn reformer, has Civil Service and Retrenchment committed to his sleepless care. All which prompts the Philadelphia *Times* to remark that Pennsylvania can make a very moderate amount of capacity go further around in the Republican Senatorial family than any other State in the Union. Foreign Relations, Education and Labor, Civil Service and Retrenchment—Cameron, Patterson, Clayton!

The Lancaster *Intelligencer* thinks that if some of the prominent members of the Methodist Church are not more guarded in expressing their opinions they will succeed in wronging their Church by creating the popular impression that it has gone into politics *en masse*. Bishop Simpson is foolish enough to say to a newspaper reporter that, "should President Grant be re-elected the people will have done wisely." Another Methodist clergyman of Philadelphia, Rev. Dr. S. W. Thomas, thus ventilates his politico-religious opinion:

> I am for Grant for another term, and if he were to desire a re-election, which I don't think the case, would enter with my whole soul energetically into the work of assisting him as far as lay in my power; not because I think he has any leanings towards Methodism, for although he has a pew in one of our churches in Washington and attends the services, and is a trustee, I really do not think he belongs to the Church or has any particular religion, but because I think he has filled the position of President acceptably to all parties.

Thomas must be after a postoffice;

The latest and most significant phase in the third term movement was developed at a joint meeting of the Methodist clergymen and the Methodist Sunday School Union held in Boston on Monday, the 6th instant. Bishop Gilbert Haven, a bright and shining light of that religious persuasion, addressed the audience on the condition of the South. Often as some of the pulpits have been dishonored and disgraced by prostituting them to the furtherance of political purposes, the address of Bishop Haven on the occasion referred to is an unpardonable insult to the American people, and will be resented by them as such. We publish below, from the Boston *Globe* a detailed account of Bishop Haven's renomination of Grant. Of course we do not assert that the Bishop spoke for his entire church in his impudent utterances, even though he promised to bring to the support of Grant three hundred thousand members of his church in the South. It is difficult to restrain the expression of one's indignation at such a proposition as this. It can only disgust the people of all religious creeds and react against Haven and the purpose he has in view. Suppose that Cardinal McCloskey or Bishop Domenec, or any other dignitary of the Catholic Church, would stoop as low as Haven did and publicly nominate for the Presidency Jeremiah S. Black, or any other prominent Democrat, with what a universal and well merited howl of indignation it would be received throughout the length and breadth of the land! One foot of the Pope would then rest on the soil of Italy and the other on that of the United States. Such at least would be the threatened danger to the country in the opinion of the followers of Grant and his third term project.

The article from the *Globe* is as follows—let every true American read it and bow his head in humiliation and shame:

> At the Methodist preachers and Methodist Sunday school union joint meeting on Monday morning, Dec. 6, in the Temple Street Methodist Episcopal church, Bishop Gilbert Haven, in accordance with an invitation extended by the preachers' meeting a fortnight ago, addressed the audience on the condition of the South. He said that there was one class of people in the South who had been recognized as a nationality by the Pope, and they would welcome his followers to these shores; but the race freed by the people of the North will never strike a blow against constitutional liberty. Bishop Haven said that there is to be a tremendous political battle this year, beginning with the election of a Democratic Speaker of the national House of Representatives. He said that the ministers of Boston are in the field of battle; their words are reported and the Southern papers comment on them. The question is, "Shall the Northern people rule the nation?" "Shall the Puritan or the Cavalier be the ruler?" "Shall Boston or Charleston be the centre?" The Methodist Episcopal Church is the only institution in the South to-day that represents the American nation. You must, he said, stand by the Church. There are in the South nearly 300,000 members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who know what they believe just as well as the people of New England and better. They appreciate liberty and those who gave it to them. They never will be betrayers, and let the people of the North never betray them. The malcontents of the South know that they were defeated by one man; that man is President Grant and if the people throw him over at the command of politicians they will rue it. Pray, brethren, that President Grant may be re-elected. Pray for the true people of the South, and you will find that thus you will be able to keep down the kindred threatening powers, the slave power and the power of the Papacy. The Rev. Dr. Sherman, of Brookline, moved that the meeting vote that they had heard the sentiments advanced by Mr. Haven with great pleasure and hearty approval. This motion was unanimously adopted. All opposed were invited to rise, but not one person rose. There was great applause.

General O. E. Babcock, one of President Grant's private and confidential secretaries, was indicted last week by the Grand Jury at St. Louis, for complicity in the wholesale whisky frauds in that city, the investigation and judicial exposure of which by the United States Court of Missouri has attracted such general attention throughout the country. Of course every one accused of a criminal offence is presumed to be innocent until his guilt is established. General Babcock, therefore, has a right to be heard before a jury of his country. That he will be given a full, fair and impartial trial, we do not doubt. The most singular feature of the case is, that even before the Grand Jury had indicted Babcock, he made a written request to his friend Grant demanding the appointment of a *military* board to hear and determine the question of his guilt or innocence. Grant promptly complied with Babcock's request, and appointed Lieut. Gen. Sheridan, Gen. Hancock and Gen. Terry as the members of said board. They met in Chicago last week and as soon as they organized, adjourned temporarily, until Babcock's trial at St. Louis should be terminated and a verdict rendered. This result was brought about by General Hancock, who knows the difference between *civil* and *military* law. The question is, why should not Babcock be tried like any other private citizen, and why did Grant assume to have him tried otherwise? His offense, if he committed any, was against the *civil* and not against the *military* law. Grant, however, never knew and never will know or appreciate the difference between them. In this instance, Hancock has once more shown that, although a soldier, he understands the constitution of his country. If General Babcock disproves the allegations made against him the fact will be as acceptable to us as to his friend U. S. Grant.

The Mysterious Pilgrim club of Philadelphia, an association of the prominent ring politicians of both parties of that city, has at last been compelled by the force of public opinion to abandon its organization, and on Saturday night a resolution was passed providing for its disbandment on January 1. The members will, however, it is said, now devote themselves to the task of capturing the Union League and running it to suit their purposes.

Following are the remarks of Mr. Lamar of Mississippi, who presided over the Democratic Congressional caucus held to nominate a candidate for Speaker, Clerk and other officers of the national House of Representatives. Lamar is one of the ablest, as he is unquestionably one of the most eloquent, members of the present Congress, and being a reconstructed rebel his views and sentiments will attract more than ordinary attention:

Gentlemen—In calling me to this position of responsibility and distinction, you have conferred an honor which I appreciate most highly, and for which I thank you most cordially. We here are confronted with a crisis in the history of the Democratic party and of the country, which brings to our party grand opportunities, but is, at the same time, freighted for us with solemn responsibilities, and if we do not improve those opportunities and rise to the measure of those responsibilities, the fruits of the great political revolution which has brought us here to-day will be for us like the fruit which grows upon the accursed tree. The people of this country, by overwhelming majorities of States and majorities in States, have placed the Democratic party, after a long period of exclusion from power, in possession of the most important department of the federal government. When I say important, I do not mean that the individual members are invested with imposing prerogatives, or great personal distinction. The departments of patronage, those which hold and command the glittering prizes of government emoluments and honors, are the co-ordinate branches of the government which are still under the control of our political opponents. The members of the House of Representatives have no patronage whatever beyond that of the appointment of a military and a naval cadet, and their compensation is barely adequate to a life of republican simplicity and prudential economy. There are many offices in the gift of the executive far more profitable, and, in the public esteem, far more distinguished than that of a seat in the House of Representatives, but this branch is nevertheless, under our matchless system of government, the corner stone of our fabric of liberty, because it is the only department of the federal government directly responsible to the people of the country, and receiving its powers directly from their hands. All other branches of the government are two or three degrees removed from the people in the mode of their selection or in the nature of their responsibilities. But while the House of Representatives is thus immediately responsible, all the other branches of the government are responsible to this body. The people of the country have charged the Democratic party in the House of Representatives with the important duty of bringing these co-ordinate branches of the government to their just responsibility. The people demand at our hands sweeping and thorough reform in the civil service, which shall be conducted in a spirit that will secure the appointment to places of trust and responsibility of the honest, the experienced and the capable. There is also an imperative demand that a vigilant examination be made into the administration of the public revenue of the country; that all the public accounts shall be scrutinized by us, and corruption be ferreted out, and wrong-doers, no matter how high or low, shall be fearlessly arraigned and fully exposed and punished. One of the most pressing demands upon us is to perfect and adopt such a system of taxation as will bring in the required revenue with the fewest restrictions upon commerce, and the least burden to the people, and that burden equitably distributed and skilfully administered.

Owing to the exigencies of one of those internecine conflicts incident to the life of almost every country, also a pernicious system of legislation, our people are suffering from the evils of an irredeemable currency. In meeting and grappling with the difficulties of this vital and perplexing question, it will be our duty to take care that nothing is done which would impair the good faith of the country or tarnish the public honor, or lower or disturb the credit of our government, but we are to remove those obstructions which bar the progress and check the prosperity of the American people. It is our duty as Democrats, it is the duty and glory of the Democratic party, while it controls this House, to see that the national credit and currency of this democratic republic is made equal with that of any nation on the earth, and the grandest aspiration of the Democratic party and its crowing glory will be to restore the constitution to its primitive strength and authority, and to make it the protector of every section and of every State in the Union, and of every human being of every race, color and condition, in the land.

The apprehension and distrust of one part of the nation that the portion of the Southern people arrayed against the authority of the federal government in the late war would be an element of disturbance to the American Union, have mainly disappeared, as is evidenced by our election, and in its stead has grown a more fraternal feeling, which regards us of the Southern States as fellow-citizens of the same great nation. On the other hand, the people of whom I speak and of whom I am one are here to-day, by their chosen representatives, to honor any draft which the American nation may draw upon their patriotism or their faith in the glory and the beneficence of American institution. [Applause.]

The experiment which has been introduced among us, based upon confidence in the workings of local self-government, and intended to solve the difficulties connected with the recent social and political transformation, shall have an open field and fair play, and no hindrance shall be placed in the way of its vigorous development and its ample success. [Applause.] We want a government that we can love and revere, and serve from the motives of reverence and love. We hunger for a patriotism which shall knit all the people together in a generous and loving brotherhood. Let us not forget that the great victory of last fall which brought us here was achieved not alone by Democratic votes, but with co-operating efforts of independent patriots and unselfish men of all parties, tired and alarmed by the increasing evils resulting from corruption and maladministration. Reforms are urgently needed. Let us wisely make them. A renewed prosperity is everywhere urgently desired. Let us, by removing unjust discriminations, by imposing rigid economy, by restoring a sound currency, by securing the equal rights of all the States and all the people, make the Democratic party the author of a new prosperity.

—The new burdens the President seeks to impose on religious bodies in this country would fall with most force upon his own friends, the Methodists having some $10,000,000 more of property to be mulcted than any other denomination. The census of 1870 gives the Methodist Church property exempt from taxation as $69,854,121, against $60,985,556 held by the Catholics and $52,265,256 held by the Presbyterians. It would be sad if the exhibition of these facts should induce Bishop Haven and his two hundred followers to recousider their renomination.

Donn Piatt on the Message.

Having disposed of our material prosperity in his message, as he has in his administration, in a rather brief manner, he next proceeds to discuss our common school system. His Excellency has our common school system very much at heart. He obtained through that crowning glory of our enlightened and ever free people such culture; he is enabled by it to grasp at and grapple with the deep philosophical truths that lie at the foundation of our amazing system of self-government; from it he obtained such a mastery of the English language, speaking and writing with such clearness and force, that he cherished the common schools as he does his infant son Fred., and all his brothers-in-law and other legal and illegal connections. He seeks to exalt, to magnify, "to hoop up," as bad little boys say, with more force than elegance, the common school system. Touch the common school system and you torch the most susceptible part of His Excellency.

And this anxiety does not come any too soon. Some evil disposed persons might say with rude sneers, "Since when has his excellency felt moved to such concern anent the colleges of the people?" Had his excellency confined this anxiety in his executive bosom a year longer he might have been gathered to his fathers—supposing that his fathers could be found—without a pensive public knowing that volcanic fires were slumbering in his patriotic person.

We can well imagine that when in youth the government gave him such scholarly learning at West Point he brooded, at Benny Havens' and elsewhere, over the beauties and excellence of the common schools. Subsequently, when engaged in the honest pursuit of hauling cord-wood into St. Louis, we can believe that, seated on such measured fuel, he said to his soul, "Common schools, they must be maintained if I lose fifty cents on this load." And then when he retired to the gunboat while Sherman, solitary and alone, swung our eagles through the smoke of battle in triumph above the bloody field of Shiloh, he retired to brood over the perilous condition of our common schools.

The common schools called for no end of brooding, and this intellectual pursuit would have continued until to day but for the learned and pious O. P. Morton, who, realizing the peril to the common schools, and the brooding condition of his superior in office, went up to the capitol, yea, verily, into the library thereof, and calling aloud for "Fox's Book of Martyrs," "Popery Unveiled," "The Confessions of an Escaped Nun," and other learned and pious works, did study the same and make notes thereon. And the pious O. P., who but for the lower part of his senatorial person would be a christian statesman of great activity, did then and there discover that the destruction of the common school system has been foretold in prophecy by Daniel, to be wrought out by the Pope of Rome, said P. at R. being clearly foreshadowed in the Little Horn of Daniel, that is in these days to be upreared and thrust into the vitals of our republic, being the common school system thereof, and with much unseemly noise to rip open and destroy the same. Communicating this startling discovery to that High Custodian of the King's Conscience, The Rt. Rev. Maj. General John P. Newman, late of China, the two wended their way to the executive palace and imparted the direful prophecy unto his Alcoholic Majesty, who broke into a perspiration and much profanity at the fearful threatenings from the Powers of Darkness. And it was then and there resolved that the Little Horn referred to by Dan., the prophet, should, so to speak, be sawed off by a message of warning and power to the threatened, enlightened, and saintly children of the republic.

One can imagine the alarm that will spread throughout the land as this message of warning is read, especially in the rural districts, where the schoolmaster, in a swallow-tail coat and under a plug hat, will announce the same to the tender intellects of his little school.

The fact is we feel some alarm ourselves. We are not subject to panics. We have heard lions, more or less intoxicated, roar in our time. But if the Little Horn of Daniel should prove to be, as claimed by Brothers Morton and Newman, the scarlet female at Rome, we shall be tempted to suspend the publication of *The Capitol*, sell our real estate, which consists of a lot in the cemetery, and emigrate to Colorado or Alaska. We always thought the Little Horn of Daniel refered to the little horns of the sample rooms and corner groceries, and the conflict seemed confined to the great Michigander, Zachariah, and other statesman of that sort, so we were not uneasy. But what in the Old Scratch will become of us if the Pope should prove to be the little horn and gore into our common school system, as our scholarly, pious and really good President warns us?—*Washington Capitol.*

A Religious Candidate.

The Philadelphia *Times* says: "Declare Church and State forever separate and distinct, but each free within their proper speres," says President Grant in his message, with a political soundness less questionable than his grammar. We wonder if he will consider it within the proper sphere of the Church to nominate him for the third term. If not, he would better tell his friend Bishop Gilbert Haven so without delay, for this is just what Bishop Haven and his associates of 'The Sabbath School Union and Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States,' in annual meeting assembled in the city of Boston, have been doing. It is a formal nomination, as we understand it, and comes from an eminently respectable body of Mr. Grant's own co-religionists; he should, therefore, lose no time in accepting or declining it. The country will be interested to know if the next Presidential campaign is to be conducted—not by political parties, but—by religious sects. It is true that Bishop Haven—or 'Gil,' as he is familiarly called in New England—is a good deal of a fool, but there appears to have been no hesitation among the assembled elders and brethren in following his lead."

The New York *Sun* on the same subject has this to say: The first gudgeon Grant has hooked with his Third Term bait is Bishop Haven of the Methodist Church. "That political ecclesiastic asked his presbyters three startling questions; 'Shall the Northern people rule the nation?' 'Shall the Puritan or the Cavalier be the ruler?' 'Shall Boston or Charleston be the centre?' These conundrums seemed to puzzle the Methodist parsons, but they need not have done so. The riddle is easily read.

"Of course the Northern people, as such, will not rule the nation. The majority of voters hold the reins of power in this Republic. There are no such classes as Puritan and Cavalier in this country, and so neither of them can rule the nation. Two or three hundred years ago they existed in England, and representatives of the one class came over to New England and a few of the other to Virginia. Nowadays, and in this country, there are no such thing as Puritans and Cavaliers. As matter of fact, too, the people of the South, where the Third Term bishop puts the Cavaliers, are more Puritan, so far as religious practices go, than New England now is."

Terrible Explosion.

SIXTY PERSONS KILLED, FORTY WOUNDED, AND EIGHT MISSING.

Bremerhaven, Dec. 11.—After the steamship Mosel had embarked her passengers for New York to-day in the outer port a case of dynamite on the quay exploded, killing fifty persons and wounding many. The Mosel is so badly damaged that she cannot sail to-day. It was at first supposed that the boiler of the tug-boat Simson, used in carrying the passengers from the dock to the steamer, had exploded. It has been ascertained that the explosion was of a case of dynamite belonging to the personal baggage of a passenger. But few details have yet been received, and no names of killed or wounded have been telegraphed. It is presumed that the actual passengers suffered little, but that the fatalities were chiefly among those accompanying them.

London, December 12.—A dispatch received from Bremerhaven to-night states that sixty-eight persons were killed and thirty-five wounded by the explosion yesterday on the quay of the Mosel, and eight are missing. A passenger on board the Mosel has since attempted to commit suicide, but was prevented from consummating the fatal act. He will be examined.

[Bremerhaven, where the accident occurred, is at the mouth of the river Weser, and Bremen is about thirty-five miles up the river. The river is not navigable, and passengers are transported from Bremen to Bremerhaven by railroad. The passengers rescued from the wreck of the Deutschland are at Southampton, and the Mosel was to have taken them on board on Tuesday to bring them to New York. Dynamite, the substance which is said to have caused the explosion, is also known by the name of "giant powder," and was invented by a Swedish chemist named Nobel. It is chiefly used for blasting purposes, and is the most powerful explosive agent known to chemistry. It is composed of finely-pulverized silex, or silicious ashes, or infusorial earth, found in Hanover, Germany, and known as kieselguhr. It will absorb and retain three times its weight of nitro-glycerine, and has the consistency of and closely resembles common brown sugar. If ignited in the open air, and not confined in any space, it will burn quietly, emitting nitrous fumes. It is generally recognized as the safest of all explosives, and it is not liable to explode by light shocks like pure glycerine, and is not effected by high temperature.—*Ed. Phila. Times.*]

THE VERY LATEST.

London, December 13—6 A. M.—A telegram from Bremerhaven says the steamer Mosel was much damaged by the explosion, and the Salier will probably take her place. Four of her passengers were killed, including Herman Cramer, of Iowa, and six wounded—among them Rudolf Witte, of New York. An official investigation shows that the total number of killed by the explosion is sixty, and wounded forty.

London, Dec. 13.—A report came from Bremen to-day that Thomassen, the passenger who attempted to commit suicide, had confessed that there was another case of explosive material on board the Mosel, that it was provided with a clock work apparatus, which was timed to explode in eight days, when the Mosel would be in mid ocean, and that he intended to land at Southampton. His object to destroy the steamer was that he could claim a large insurance, which he had effected. But a later dispatch pronounces the horrible story untrue. The case spoken of has been opened and found to contain nothing explosive or dangerous.

Bremen, Dec. 15.—Thomassen, the passenger who owned the case of dynamite which exploded at Bremenhaven, has confessed to the authorities that he constructed the chest which exploded, and arranged the clock-work attachment to the case or cause an explosion at a certain time. He was occupied for a fortnight in filling the chest, and worked in a coach house in one of the most frequented parts of Bremen. The police have examined the house alluded to, and found some packing, but no explosives of any kind.

Have the Cabinet Adopted Grant's Anti-Catholic Policy.—E. K. Dunne was Chief Justice of the Territory of Arizona. On Saturday last he was removed from that office by order of the President of the United States. Chief Justice Dunne is a Catholic and has been a zealous opponent of the common school system. It seems that he had requested that if he should be removed, his removal might be put upon the ground of his opposition to the schools. The Washington correspondent of the *Herald* says:

"In notifying him that his successor had been appointed, the Attorney General added that, since he requested to have his removal, if it was decided upon, made upon the school question, he might, if he chose, regard that as the controlling reason."

Mr. Pierrepont may have regarded this as a joke; but we think that in view of recent developments, the country will hardly look at it in that light. The removal of a man from high judicial station is hardly an appropriate occasion for pleasantry. And if we are to accept this as done in earnest, as a removal of a public officer because he does not sympathize with President Grant's views of what he, the President, calls priestcraft, what then? Why, then we already have an Administration conducted on an Anti-Catholic basis. That, with what may come of it, is all. But what may come of it may be a great deal.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Grant and the Anti-Catholic Order.—The *Maine Standard* contains the following:

> Office of Evening Courier,
> Newark, N. J., Nov. 9, 1875.
>
> Hon. J. G. Blaine—*My Dear Sir:* Eighteen months ago I told you that you could have New Jersey in 1876. I wish now to emphasize that statement. All our people are for you, and we can carry the state beyond peradventure. Our danger is that the West will demand the nomination. This can also be averted, of course, by a union of New England, the Middle States, and stray voters from the South. A potent factor in our next convention will be the secret anti-Catholic order. Grant is a member, and it has a good deal of strength in Congress. I think you ought to go in. It can be so arranged that you can be initiated anywhere by any person. The order is spreading widely. My obligations do not permit me to say more than this, except that Grant, no doubt, relies upon it to promote his aims. With wisdom at Washington and with the states we have carried, we can surely hold the country. But to hold it for a hap-hazard candidate is hardly worth the candle. For one of a multitude I want to hold it for you. Excuse this scrawl, and believe me, yours very truly,
>
> Jno. T. Foster.

Mr. Foster is editor of the Newark *Evening Courier*, and a New Jersey politician of great influence.

—General Alexander Shaler, President of the National Rifle Association, has address a circular to riflemen throughout the world regarding the intended rifle matches at the coming Centennial, to be conducted under the auspices of the Centennial Commission. The match for the championship of the world will be the principal, and is to be open to teams of eight from each country, the distance being 800, 900, and 1,000 yards, under Creedmoor rules. The prize will be an American shield. A programme will soon be prepared for shorter distances, and also for other arms than rifles.

THIS WILL NOTIFY THE PUBLIC

of our intention to put NEW and LOWER PRICES on much of our Stock.

THE YEAR'S CLOSING OUT SALE WILL COMMENCE AT HALF PAST SIX o'clock WEEK-DAY MORNING, and CONTINUE UNTIL OUR FALL AND WINTER STOCK IS SOLD.

THE MAIN FACT IS:

We have made up TOO MANY OVERCOATS and SUITS for this year, and to turn our Stock into Cash needed for 1876, we will make *certain sacrifices* which will be apparent ON AND AFTER WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER FIRST, when we shall one through our Salesrooms and cut off Profits, and even a part of the cost of many of our present prices.

To be very exact in stating this matter, as we do not intend that any misconception or custom of our house shall mislead the public in the least particular, we think proper to say, that this Mark Down, whilst it applies to

A THOUSAND AND MORE OVERCOATS,
A THOUSAND AND MORE BUSINESS COATS,
HUNDREDS OF DRESS COATS,
SEVERAL THOUSAND VESTS,
SEVERAL THOUSAND PAIRS OF PANTS,

and extends throughout our house, yet there are some lots in which (as they have been marked at close prices,) we shall make no change.

WE DESIRE TO ANNOUNCE THAT THIS IS

Our FINAL and ONLY Mark Down this Season.

SO THAT NONE NEED WAIT FOR LOWER PRICES.

THE STEP WE TAKE WILL WONDERFULLY AID THOSE WHO FEEL LIKE EVENTUALLY BUYING.

The Terms of the Sale are the usual Terms of our House.

1.—No Second or Altered Price—One Fixed Price.

2.—Cash from All, to warrant Low Prices.

3.—The Contract on our part, to *return the money*, is a part of the bargain in case (provided goods are returned unworn).

4.—A *Full Guarantee* given for each garment.

The Stock we offer is all NEW, and is not "BOUGHT" or "WHOLESALE" goods.

OUR OWN CAREFULLY MADE CLOTHING.

It will be remembered that our stock always embraces the CHOICEST STYLES and SUBSTANTIAL GOODS, and that EVERY SIZE and SHAPE is provided for both MEN and BOYS. It will also be borne in mind that there is but ONE OAK HALL, and that is on THE CORNER OF

6th SIXTH--SIXTH--SIXTH--SIXTH 6th
And MARKET Streets.

Hoping for a visit from each reader, and that our friends will pass this announcement to all their friends in the country,

We are Very Truly,

Wanamaker & Brown

PHILADELPHIA.

News of the Week.

—A Clarion county boy recently eloped with his cousin, only 13 thirteen years old.

—"Aunt Tabby," aged 104, a colored woman, was recently burned to death at Sharpsburg, Md.

—John B. Murray, of New York, has the original Franklin printing press, and will exhibit it at the Centennial.

—Her Majesty Queen Victoria has decided to send twenty pictures of the Royal collection to the Philadelphia exposition.

—A young man near Niles, Michigan, thought to make his powder fine by grinding it in a coffee-mill. The new kitchen is well under way.

—Ephraim Cable, the first white person born in Ohio, died lately. He died on the same farm on which he was born and where he lived all his life.

—An immense ledge of isinglass has been found in the mountains near Snake river, Idaho. It is thirty feet wide, and one of the most valuable discoveries of the kind ever made.

—On Monday Hiram Diehl, of Limestone, Northumberland county, slipped with a butcher knife in his hand, and instead of cutting the hog's throat cut his own and died on Tuesday.

—Mr. Singly, a gentleman of one hundred and four years, living at Moulton, Ia., was married last week to Mrs. McLaughlin, aged eighty. May they never outlive love's young dream.

—An old man's darling was arrested in Scranton on Tuesday with the young man whose slave she proposed to be. She had about $1,000 of the old man's money. She concluded to return to her first love.

—Fred. DeHaven, a teamster, of Clarion county, was recently found dead on the pike. It is supposed that he went to sleep on his wagon while intoxicated and fell over the lock bar, his head striking the spokes of the wheel.

—A startling story comes from Washton that some, if not all the documentary evidence against General Babcock, which was turned over to the clerk of the grand jury, has been stolen or destroyed. Such things have happened.

—It is a remarkable fact that the Republican Presidential ticket for 1872 might have read: "For President, Hiram U. Grant; for Vice President, Jeremiah Colbath"—these being the real, birth-given names of the illustrious pair.

—Frederick Hunt, of Vermont, celebrated his Thanksgiving by martying a girl thirteen years old. His own age is sixty, and the number of his children by his other two wives exactly coincides with the number of his bride's years.

—A domestic breeze was created in Paint township, Crawford county, last week, by a boy of nineteen, named Bigley, taking away and marrying his cousin named Bish, a girl not yet thirteen years of age. The parents of these precocious youths are distressed over the affair.

—P. T. Barnum and his wife, being desirous of companionship, recently proposed to two congenial neighbors that the two families should draw lots to determine which should pass the winter under the other's roof free, each being desious of entertaining the other. Barnum lost the choice.

—Isaac Duross was convicted at Wilkesbarre on Thursday of having feloniously assaulted and attempted to murder Anna Lewis, aged ten years, in Spring Brook township, last October. He was sentenced to imprisonment in the penitentiary for 14 years and 11 months, the full penalty of the law.

—A laborer in one of the manufacturing districts of England recently offered his wife for sale to the highest bidder. She was sold to a young man for the sum of fourpence, and the matter was duly settled in a written agreement, signed by attesting witnesses. The woman, who is 30 years old, persists in carrying out the contract.

—According to the Boston *Pilot* there were, in 1825, 50 years ago, one Roman Catholic priest in Maine; one in Massachusetts, and one in New Hampshire, with eight churches. There are now in New England, according to this authority, 1 archbishop, 5 bishops, 441 priests, 442 churches, and a Catholic population of nearly a million.

—The will of Georgiana Mary Diamond, who recently died in Philadelphia, gives $30,000 in bequests to different societies of the Catholic Church; $1,000 to Archbishop Wood, and after a number of private bequests it is provided that the remainder of the estate shall go to the Society of St. Joseph and the St. John's Orphant Asylum, share and share alike.

—According to a London Times correspondent, an American circus manager, with great difficulty obtained permission from the German authorities leave to import German horses with him into France, but only on giving bond to remain there three years, and not to permit the animals to leave France meanwhile for breeding purposes.

—Dr. Robinson, of Port Jervis, after twenty years' study of the brain, claims to have invented a flying machine. The motive power will be electricity, the machine will enable a man to travel at the rate of one hundred miles an hour, and has not made a model yet, because he has no doubt of success, and he intends to make a flying visit to the Centennial.

—A few days since, in Kentucky, a maiden of ninety-nine summers succeeded to a fifty-year-old paralytic leg. In the same neighborhood a maiden of seventy-five summers brought suit for divorce against her husband for his alleged infidelity. She was born seventy-three years ago, grass is known to furnish more

—Mr. Kerr, the new Speaker, is a stately man, more than six feet high, broad shouldered, with a head and face a full growth of brown hair, and does not seem to read you through and through. His scholarship is of the highest, books are his dearest companions, judgment of men is keen and discerning. The man is wholly pure, there is no element of humor or trouble in him and his manners are dignified to austerity. He is 47 years old.

—Fort Plain, Montgomery county, is greatly troubled over some recent business. A young man took a young girl at a sociable. His wife objected. He explained that he did it to save her, and there was peace for a time. The pretty girl heard of the settlement, however, and being a widow reported around town that the married man had made the same proposals dreds of times. Hence the difficulty there is apparently to be no end.

—At a meeting of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, held in that city on Sunday last, it was resolved that there should be a parade of the union on the 17th of March next, but that out of honor for the centennial of liberty and a desire to render the two hundredth anniversary of American independence all the more demonstrative, no great efforts will be made to render the annual parade on the Fourth of July the most remarkable one in the history of the union.

—The vicinity of Albion, Erie county, has been excited over the marriage of the fourth wife of Mr. Histon, a farmer of that section. He married her a few months, after the death of his third wife. The funeral was fixed for the following day after she expired, but the remaining warm, much talk was indulged in, and it was postponed until the suspicions were unmistakable. Aside from the circumstances no occasion seems to have been given for the scandal, as the deceased had apparently lived very happily.

—Eugene Lawrence, the correspondent of *Harper's Weekly Journal* at Rome, recently wept quite a bucketful of tears over the cruel murder by priests, of the liberal President, Garcia Moreno. It grieved him to be obliged at the time to correct Lawrence's vague notions of South American politics. It grieves us still more to be obliged now to inform him that a solemn high mass was celebrated in the church of the Jesuits at Rome on the 25th of November for the repose of the soul of Garcia Moreno. The assassins of the liberal President of Ecuador were not priests or philosophers; and it is in order now for Lawrence to dilate to us about the beauties of their motives and the elevation of their aims.—*N. Y. World.*

—The *Gazette* of Barrie, Canada, has a novel story of the capture of a runaway horse. John Davis, a farmer, had a young horse which was in the habit of getting out of the pasture field. On Saturday morning he tied the fore feet of the animal together and left him to graze. During the night a pack of wolves visited the neighborhood, their howls being plainly heard by the occupants of the farm house. On Sunday morning the farmer's children went to see whether the horse was dead or alive. There was the animal, right side up, apparently, but standing in a corner, and not far away off in the field. A large wolf was under his fore feet, held there by the chain which Mr. Davis fastened to the animal's feet. The wolf had evidently been for its supper, and gone to work on the horse, but the extra load of horse

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - DEC. 17, 1875.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

TWENTY DOLLARS REWARD.—Lost, between Joseph Gardner's and Carrolltown, a pocket-book containing a sum of money and a lot of valuable papers. The above reward will be paid for the return of the pocket-book and contents to C. F. O'Donnell, Ebensburg.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—Diphtheria is prevalent in Johnstown.

—Indiana county is just now enjoying a six weeks' term of Court.

—The merry music of the sleigh bells is once more heard in the land.

—Tuesday, Jan. 4th, 1876, has been fixed upon for the holding of Argument Court.

—A clothes line in Conemaugh borough was interviewed by thieves the other night.

—The rumored presence of small pox in Altoona is said to be without foundation in fact.

—Altoona is the happy posessor of a live alligator from Florida, presented by a former resident of that city.

—The Catholic fair in Altoona will close to-morrow evening with a grand Martha Washington tea party.

—The lost Critchfield who disappeared from his home at Confluence, Somerset county, about one month ago, is still among the missing.

—Two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of clothing were recently sent by the Presbyterians of Hollidaysburg to the heathens in Tennessee.

—St. John's Catholic church, Johnstown, is soon to be the recipient of a splendid new organ, which it is hoped will be in position before the holidays.

—The locomotive engineers on the Western Division of the Pa. R. R. propose to indulge in a grand hop at East Conemaugh on the night of the 20th inst.

—The condition of Mrs. John E. Scanlan, we are indeed sorry to say, is still very critical, and it is thought now that nothing short of a miracle can save her life.

—A Hollidaysburg lad named James Burns attempted to mount a passing train a few days ago, but missing his hold, fell and dislocated one of his hips.

—Not less than 1,700,000 feet of dry hemlock and pine lumber, valued at from $12,000 to $15,000, were destroyed by fire at Philipsburg, Centre county, on Friday last.

—An unoccupied house owned by Mr. Jerry Bowers, near Webster Westmoreland county, was mysteriously conflagrated and burned to the ground a few nights ago. Loss $700.

—We see it announced that Rev. R. C. Christy, who paid his old home here a brief visit last week, has been assigned to the pastoral charge of the Catholic congregation of Kittanning, Pa.

—Our typographical friend A. J. Greer, foreman of the newspaper department of the Altoona *Tribune* office, is we notice to be appointed by the prohibitionists of that city to the position of Mayor.

—The rumored division of this (Catholic) diocese, and the accession of Bishop Lynch, of Charleston, to the place now occupied by Bishop Domenec is denied, but on what authority we are unable to say.

—The express agent at Bolivar station has been removed for detaining a package in his office some three months, and for which the consignee brought suit and recovered some fifty dollars from the Company.

—A butcher named Perry Heiple, a resident of Geeburg, near Johnstown, and aged about 60 years, fell dead on Tuesday evening last, while in the act of entering the door of his own house. Heart disease.

—Parties indebted to the late mercantile firm of Baxter & Son are requested to call at the Ebensburg woolen factory and settle their respective accounts forthwith. Immediate compliance with this request will save trouble and expense.

—In the Indiana court last week, Nancy Mitchell was found guilty and Clements Gallagher plead guilty to the charge of selling liquor without license, and the former was sentenced to pay a fine of $200 and costs and the latter $250 and costs.

—Something less than fourteen millions of men assembled at Lloyd's grave, east of Troy, yesterday morning, and presented their cases in a style more vociferous than elegant. Not being a Crow itself, he failed to understand the merits of their caws.

—A Taylor township lad named Teeter fell and broke two of the bones in his right arm while running to get into the school house after "books" had been called on Tuesday morning last. Moral—don't be too enthusiastic, boys, in the pursuit of knowledge.

—The dwelling house of Mr. John C. Pugh, in Sommerhill township, made a narrow escape from destruction by fire one day last week. As it was, the interior of the kitchen apartment suffered considerably from the flames. The fire caught from the chimney.

—Joseph, a two-year old son of Henry Amelias, of Altoona, upset a cup of hot coffee and scalded one of its arms and a portion of one side of its body on Friday, and although the injuries seemed comparatively trivial, the child died from their effects on Sunday morning.

—At this cold and dismal time we can easily tell in rhyme what we want to say, if our advice you take, for Murphy's are you'll break, and that without delay: if his clothing's fine indeed, and if you buy here what you need, you will surely make pay. Star Clothing Hall, 109 Clinton st., Johnstown.

—Mr. George Slick, a boss puddler at the Johnstown rolling mill, was on Tuesday last struck on the head and badly cut by a piece of rail which he had used in the erection of a temporary shed which he had put up to protect him from the cold wind, and which blew down while he was fixing under it.

—What bully times the boys do have coasting down the hills on sleds, wearing out their boots and shoes, tearing trowserloons and sleds. No doubt they think it jolly fun to cheer dads to buy them more, since best garments cheap are sold at Wolff's great clothing store—Twelfth street, next door to post office, Altoona.

—Harry, eldest son of Mr. Henry Foster, of the Cambria House, interviewed a feed cutter the other day, and came out of the contest with an ugly gash across one of his hands. Fortunately there was but little motion on the machine at the time, otherwise Harry would never have been able to order pie on more than one full hand in the future.

—The irrepressible John Smith has been heard from again. This time he resides in Covington, where he was amusing himself the other day in unmercifully castigating one of his children, when an old lady interfered to save the little one, but was knocked down and had one of her ribs broken and otherwise severely injured by the aforesaid Smith.

—Johnstown had rather an unpleasant imitation of Punch and Judy on Tuesday afternoon last. That is to say the end of an umbrella broke over the head of Punch and punched a young man named Judy in the right temple, in consequence of said umbrella having been jerked from his hand by the accidental slipping of a rail he was "taking up" at the rolling mill, and inflicting a very ugly gash.

—Two men and five prostitutes were arrested in Johnstown on Saturday night last for indulging in a regular built jamboree of the vilest character, but as the masculine participants, one of whom made good his escape, move in the first circles of society in those parts, the Johnstown *Democrat* seems to be the only local paper that has thus far had the temerity to refer to the disgraceful transaction.

—An old man named George Shank, an employe of the Pa. R. R. Co., was struck by a Way Passenger train west, a short distance this side of Gallitzin station, on Wednesday evening last, and killed instantly. Unfortunate man was sweeping the snow from one of the switches, and having his ears muffled up to protect them from the cold, did not hear the train approach. He was one of the oldest repairmen on that division.

—The three boys from Johnstown, who were convicted last week of stealing property from the store of George J. Thomas, and also from the shoe store of Mr. Conlan, were on Wednesday morning, and not on Friday morning, as announced by us last week, taken by the Sheriff to the House of Refuge, in pursuance of the sentence of the Court. No other prisoners now remain in jail whose sentence requires their removal to the Penitentiary.

—R. L. Johnston, Esq., executor of the estate of Edward Glass, dec'd, and administrator of Wm. Patterson, dec'd, will offer said estates at public sale, at the Court House in this place, on Monday January 3d, and Mr. Dwight Jones, assignee of A. Y. and Geo. W. Jones, will also expose to public sale, on the premises in Cambria township, the well known farm now occupied by Mr. Thomas Platt, on Saturday, January 8th. See advertisements.

—From the bleak and dreary northland, where the frost king holds his reign, come the chilling blasts of winter, sweeping o'er valley, hill and plain; and as rush they madly onward our garments quick we press around our cold and aching shoulders and kindly then we think of Hess; he who keeps a stock of clothing the cheapest and the best, and sells at prices lower than any dealer east or west. Nos. 241 and 243 Main street, Johnstown.

—John Brink, of Punxsutawney, took a walk with a certain Dr. Allison, a new arrival, the other morning, but they had not gone far when they were stopped by a party of "road agents" and ordered to "shell out;" whereupon the doctor took to his heels, while Mr. Brink was made to disgorge $1,800 in money and two gold watches. Six of the highwaymen were subsequently arrested, when the fact was developed that the doctor was the leader of the gang.

—The instructions given by Judge Dean to the Grand Jury in our Court last week to fully examine the evidence in all cases of assault and battery and to ignore all bills of that kind and divide the costs between the parties, unless the ends of justice should be frustrated thereby, is meeting with well merited commendation in all quarters, and is really the only way of putting a stop to a great number of petty prosecutions which should never be brought to Court.

—Susquehanna township declines the distinguished honor (?) of claiming as her own the two females now in jail on the charge of setting fire to Mr. Lantzey's mill. The sweet-scented pair hail from Burnsides township, Clearfield county, and are said to be the most degraded wretches that have ever yet been incarcerated in our county prison. The evidence against them in the crime charged is said to be very strong, and there is a strong probability that they will be convicted.

—Judge (sorry we can't say Governor elect) Cyrus L. Pershing spent several days during the past and present week in Johnstown, his old home. Although defeated in the Gubernatorial contest, Judge Pershing will always occupy a warm place in the hearts of the people of Cambria county—a fact which was most conclusively shown by their endorsement of him at the last November election. Cambria county will always honor Cyrus L. Pershing, because he always honored her and her citizens.

—That able and efficient Democratic journal, the Bellefonte *Watchman* proposes to commemorate the advent of the new year by donning an entirely new outfit, thereby adding to its already handsome appearance. The *Watchman* is one of the best newspapers on our exchange list, and we are glad to know that the Democracy of Centre, unlike those of Cambria, know how to appreciate and sustain a good paper when they have it. Better be a *Watchman* in Centre than a FREEMAN in Cambria. More's the pity—for us.

—Among the visitors to this place on the first day of the present week of Court, was A. J. Randall, of Schuylkill county, a son of Hon. Wm. M. Randall a former Democratic State Senator from that county. Mr. Randall is a clerk in the office of General McCandless, Secretary of Internal Affairs, at Harrisburg, and was here as the custodian of certain official papers from the land office in the case of the Cambria Iron Company against Francis Christy. The cause was not tried and Mr. Randall left for Harrisburg on Monday evening.

—A half ton of coal, a sack of flour and a dollar in money given to some deserving poor family will do more to hasten the progress of the donor on the road to heaven than forty yards of windy prayers. For the coal and the dollar in money—well you probably know where to get those—but for the flour don't forget to consult Myers & Lloyd, who not only keep the best of that commodity, but the very best of everything else in the way of yry goods and groceries, all which they defy any man or set of men to sell cheaper than they do.

—An Altoona woman, Mrs. Annie Walker, attempted to shoot a neighbor named J. G. Kline on Tuesday, but fortunately missed her aim. As she had five more balls in reserve, however, Mr. Kline very sensibly declined to remain and see the fun out, and for the time being became a better walker than Mrs. Walker herself. The shooting was the result of an old feud between the respective families. The blood-thirsty Amazon was arrested and gave bail in $500 for her appearance at a preliminary hearing on Wednesday evening, since when we have heard nothing further in regard to the matter.

—The Osceola *Rereille* records the fact that Messrs. McCauley & Louther, of Houtzdale, received an order by telegraph for thirty pieces of white pine timber 10x10 and fifty feet long, for the new Market street bridge, Philadelphia, and having no logs at their mill called their employees together and going into the woods after night with lighted torches, chopped down the required number of trees, which they hauled to the mill, two miles distant, and sawed and loaded on the cars before 9:55 the next morning—just seventeen hours after the order had been received. Quick work that—wasn't it?

—Owing to the fact that Messrs. Johnston & Scanlan were interested as counsel in nearly all the causes down for trial this week, and that the serious illness of the wife of the latter gentleman, who is a daughter of the former, as well as the great prostration of Mrs. Johnston herself, prevented those gentleman from attending to their official duties, there were but two cases out of the sixteen on the list disposed of this week, all the other jurors summoned having been discharged on Monday and Court finally adjourning on Tuesday afternoon last. These two cases were Edward C. Mann vs. White Township and John C. Clark vs. Peter Garman and D. McNalty, the former being a suit to recover damages for injuries sustained in consequence of the impassible condition of one of the public roads in that township, the plaintiff having been thrown from a buggy and receiving a compound fracture of one of his arms, and the latter being an action on a feigned issue, involving the claim to the proceeds of a sale by the Sheriff of a lot of logs in dispute. In the former case the jury awarded $492 to the plaintiff and in the latter returned a verdict for John C. Clark, the gentleman who brought the suit.

THE LADIES' FAIR.—*Brilliant Programme for the Holidays.*—The ladies' fair in aid of the Church of the Holy Name, which has been in progress in V. S. Barker's old stand during the past two weeks, will close on to-morrow evening and remain closed until a day or two before Christmas, when it will open up on a grander scale than ever and be continued until New Year's evening, if not longer. In connection with the fair there will be a grand Martha Washington tea party and other festivities in which music and its accompanying enjoyments will hold a prominent part, at Belmont, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 30th. At the same time, that is during the same day, a grand shooting tournament for a fat hog, a barrel of flour, and other valuable articles, will take place on the grounds at Belmont, in which marksman from all points of the compass are respectfully invited to participate. The distance will be seventy-five yards off hand or one hundred yards at a rest. Tickets for the tea party, good for a lady and gentleman, have been fixed at the low price of one dollar each, and whatever comes after that will be offered at a stipulated price to all who wish to participate. Papers willing to aid a good cause will confer a favor by noticing this programme.

THE CASE OF JAMES B. ZAHM.—The late cashier of the bank of Collins, Johnston & Co., in this place, whose indictment for embezzlement and subsequent plea of guilty and sentence was noticed in our paper last week, was removed to the Western Penitentiary by Sheriff Banner on last Wednesday morning. We understand that a petition in favor of his pardon is now receiving the signatures of a number of our citizens. We do not undertake to express any opinion on the question of the success of such a movement. It may or it may not be prematnre. One thing, however, is certain, and that is, that the application for his pardon under the rules of the Board of Pardons, cannot reach that body until the first Tuesday of February next. The Board of Pardons is composed of *four* members, viz: John Latta, of Greensburg, who is Lieutenant Governor; Matthew S. Quay, Secretary of the Commonwealth; George Lear, the newly appointed Attorney General, and General William M. Candless, Secretary of Internal Affairs. All applications for pardon must be determined by the gentleman named, under and in strict pursuance of the well understood rules which they have adopted, and which for general information we publish herewith. The Governor, in issuing a pardon in any given case, merely gives effect to the decision of the Board, before which the case on its merits had been previously heard. The Governor himself is *not* a member of the board and can only act on its recommendation. Following are the rules to which reference has been made:

First. The first Tuesday of each month is appointed as the day whereon the Board shall convene to give a full hearing in open session to all applications for pardons.

Second. The Board must be furnished with proof that notice of application for pardon has been published once a week for two consecutive weeks, in a newspaper printed in the county or city in which conviction was had, said proof to be made by the affidavit of the publisher of the newspaper that the publication had been made as required by this rule.

Third. Notice of the application must have been given to the judge who tried the cause and to the district attorney or attorney who prosecuted, and proof of said notice be furnished.

Fourth. Every application for pardon must be accompanied with the following papers, written in a clear and distinct hand:

1. A certified copy of the whole record, including docket entries, minutes of the court, copy of indictment, pleas, and all other papers on file relating to the case.

2. A brief statement of the reasons upon which the application is based, setting forth all the facts, will be required in every application; the notes of evidence taken on the trial; letters from responsible persons in the community where the crime was committed.

Fifth. No applications will be considered if presented to any individual member of the Board.

Sixth. All application and correspondence must be addressed to or filed with the Recorder of the Board at Harrisburg, so that the same may be prepared for presentation to the Board at its next session; and no application will be heard or considered unless the same and papers upon which based, have been filed at least TEN DAYS before said session, AND IN NO INSTANCE WILL THIS RULE BE RELAXED.

Seventh. No application that has once been rejected will again be placed upon the record or heard by the Board without the consent of the Board first obtained therefor, and when submitted the second time, additional reasons, petitions and proof of notices to judge, district attorney, and the public must be furnished anew.

Eighth. No party will be permitted to occupy more than fifteen minutes in the oral discussion of and application unless by the special request of the Board.

COUNTY INSTITUTE.—The Teachers' Institute of Cambria county will meet in Johnstown on Monday December 27, 1875. Prof. Chas. H. Verill, of the Mansfield State Normal School; Dr. Fairfield and T. J. Chapman, A. M., of the State Normal School at Indiana, and other educators, will be present as instructors and lecturers. Some or all of the following topics will be discussed:

1. At what age should pupils begin the study of Language Lessons?
2. Shall study be confined to school hours?
3. Are the qualifications of teachers sufficiently definite and extended?
4. Resolved, That County Institutes are not conducted in accordance with the methods best calculated to secure their proper object.
5. Which should receive the more attention in our public schools, the elements of the sciences, or vocal music and drawing?
6. What effect has intellectual development upon morals?
7. Resolved, That Class-Drills are the life of our Institutes.
8. Resolved, That good order is a means to an end, and not an end to be obtained in school.
9. Should teachers be allowed their time for attending the Institute?
10. What should teachers read?
11. School-houses—their location, ventilation, and furniture.

On Tuesday evening, 28th inst., Dr. Fairfield will deliver an address, and on Wednesday evening Prof. Verill will deliver a lecture—subject, "What Shall We Study?" Wednesday, 29th inst., Directors' Day, at which time topics Nos. 9 and 11 will be discussed.

The evening session will be devoted to lectures and select readings.

During the day sessions instruction will be given in all the common branches.

Former teachers, directors, and all friends of education are cordially invited.

H. BERG, County Supt.

A $15,000 FIRE.—Shortly before noon yesterday the extensive woolen mills of Halfpenny & Noel, situated about a half mile from Bell's Mills, back in the country, caught fire in the roof from a defective flue. Several persons in the neighborhood united their efforts to save the building, and, at one time, had the flames almost under control, but the wind blew a gale and baffled the efforts of those who were struggling against the devouring flames. Soon the whole building was enveloped, and a short time elapsed until smoking ruins were the only remains of the mill. The building was of frame, three stories high, contained four sets of carders and all necessary machinery, which was of the most improved pattern. About a dozen hands were employed in and about the mill, and all kinds of woolen goods—cassimers, satinets, stocking-yarn, etc.—were manufactured. The building and machinery was valued at about $15,000. The insurance only amounts to $3,500, we understand. Mr. Halfpenny, one of the proprietors, was elected County Commissioner on the Republican ticket at the late election. It is not likely, we are informed, that the mill will be re-built. Its destruction is a deplorable misfortune.—*Altoona Mirror.*

A SAD HISTORY.—"Misfortunes never come singly," has been illustrated in the case of James Walls, once a well-to-do farmer near Petersburg, Huntingdon county. He obtained notoriety some time ago by prosecuting a suit against a young lady whom he accused with larceny of a dress and bonnet and other articles, which in his simplicity he had given her and then demanded; from that time his idiosyncracies were more observable; he was the object of ridicule by rude boys, and his calamities were mocked at by men who should have known better. A few months ago, a commission was appointed to test his sanity, the jury deciding that he was not a lunatic. Gradually his personal property and estates were swept away, and last week he suffered a bodily injury at Mapleton, by falling from a wagon and breaking his leg. The *Local News* says that he is now in the County Alms House. Poor Jim Walls! Over seventy years of age; in the prime of life he had much of this world's goods—now, penniless and fed at the hand of public charity. What a sad history!—*Altoona Mirror.*

A FACT WORTH KNOWING.—Are you suffering with Consumption, Coughs, Severe Colds settled on the breast or any disease of the Throat and Lungs? If so, go to your Druggists, Lemon & Murray, Ebensburg, or to Woleslagle & Son, Wilmore, and get a bottle of BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP. This medicine has lately been introduced from Germany, and is selling on its own merits. The people are going wild over its success, and druggists all over our country are writing us of its wonderful cures among their customers. If you wish to try its superior virtue get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents. Large size bottle 75 cents. Three doses will relieve you. Try it.

Our Puzzle Department.

DEAR FREEMAN—Below please find answers to problems published in last week's issue:

To Master Kaylor's—"Independent's"—A got 15 years and 69⅓ 10 years respectively; to J. C. Brown's—4¼ miles by one and 9¾ miles by the other; to "Independent's"—A got 65 acres at $2 per acre, and B got 30 acres at $3; to J. C. Scanlan's first. I say, No 1—second, the cheese weighed 9 lbs.; to J. McTamany's—one realized 24 cents, the other 25 cents; and I will inform him of what caused the difference when he gives evidence of being able to understand it. From his solutions of my land problem and Bearer's absurd fence problem I would judge that he needs to go to school a little longer before he will be competent to criticise others. He solves one thus:

A got 180 acres at	$4.40=$792.00	
B " 220 "	" $3.60=$792.00	
		$1584.00

But the 400 acres lost $1600.00—error, $1600. In the fence problem he makes ten 62 rods at 65 c. —$40.87½; and the 37½ rods at $1.25—$46.87½; yet each of them was to get or earn $50. So he curtails the amount and makes only $40.87½ for each. But the problem was absurd as stated, and Mr. McT. may yet learn to know that it is so when he gets to be a little older.

As regards my answer to Mr. Trout's watch problem I will say that I did not make any calculations by figuref, but merely by examining the face of a clock. But when I say that at 20⅔ seconds after 8 o'clock, p. m., each hour hand was midway between the other two, I say the difference between that and the correct answer would not make a long shot, but a very short one. In the answer given it said so many seconds after 4 o'clock, p. m.; its should have said 8 o'clock, p. m. Either the printer or the writer made the mistake.

* * * * * * *

I consider the answer of A. D. H. to his own problem not correct, according to the ratio of Troy to Avoirdupois as given by himself, thus: 5760:7000. Then as Troy 5760 : 7000 Avoirdupois : : 12 Troy, 14 7-12 oz. Avoirdupois; and if one ounce Avoirdupois balances 12 oz. Avoirdupois, it will balance 14 7-12 oz. Troy. Therefore I contend the ratio of power to be as 1 to 14 7-12.

DEC. 13, 1875. LORETTO.

CHEST SPRINGS, Dec. 10, 1875.

DEAR FREEMAN—The answer to Loretto's pyramidal problem is, 244.9484 feet. It is found by describing a circle around the equilateral triangle of the base of the pyramid; then the radius of the circle coincides with a line drawn from an angle of the base to the centre of the same, which line is the base of the right angled triangle, the perpendicular of which we want to find, and we found it as above. Because the square of a side of the base is three times the square of radius of circumscribed circle. Answers to J. C. Scanlan's problems.—The landlord should have gotten 5⅔ of the pile or heap undiminished, besides ⅔ of the 45 bushels. 2d. The cheese weighed 12 lbs.

Answer to Independent's problem—A bought 65 acres and paid $2. per acre. B bought 30 acres and paid $3 per acre.

Answer to J. C. Brown's problem—One traveled 4¾ miles per hour, and the other traveled 9¾ miles per hour.

Answer to George W. Kaylor's problem—Man's age, 69 3-13 years; woman's age 30 10-13.

Also, as I came as near to the answer of the surveyor's problem propounded by "Loretto" as "N. O. D." did, you might divide the credit between us. The method of the solution was correct, if there was a little error in the decimal through carelessness.

Here is my contribution to the problem column: A has a field in the form of a trapezium, two of its sides being parallel and the other two equal. One of the parallel sides is 80 and the other 100 rods long, and each of the equal sides is 40 rods in length. He wishes to divide the field into two equal fields of a triangular shape by a fence running from one angle of the field to the opposite angle. How many rods of fence must he build?

A. D. H.

GALLITZIN, Dec. 12, 1875.

DEAR FREEMAN—I send answers to problems as follows:

J. McTamany's apple problem. If the first boy sold 5 apples for 2 cents, he sold one apple for 2-5 of a cent, and 40 apples 2 5—120-5cts.=24cts. Second boy, 30 apples, 3 for 1 ct.=¼ ct. apiece. 30x¼=30-4cts.=10cts. 30x⅘=30-2cts.=15 cts.—second boy, 25 cents. First boy, 24 cents; second 25 cents. Reason why, did not sell at the same rate per apple. Unit is the base of all mathematical calculations.

Master Geo. W. Kaylor's problem—Man's age, 69 3-13; woman's age, 30 10-13.

J. C. Brown's problem—One man traveled 9¾ miles per hour, and the other travelled 4¾ miles per hour.

J. C. Scanlan's problem.—Proposed division not correct. In taking 45 bushels from the heap, the tenant had 30 bushels belonging to the landlord. In returning 15 bushels from the heap he only returned 6 bushels in lieu of 10. Should have divided the balance, and then returned of tenant's share 30 bushels.

Second problem.—If not mistaken, 12⅚ lbs. is the answer.

ORIGINAL PROBLEM.

A cannon weighing 97 tons was cast in Pittsburgh, and passed over the Pa. R. R. during the war. The greatest cube that could be inscribed in the bore was 16.3624 inches. Required, the weight of a spherical ball that would fill the bore of said gun, allowing a ball 1 inch in diameter to weigh 25.9 lbs. Weight of cast metal given by Trontwine, or, if preferred, Brooks. Allow 4 inches diameter, weight 50 lbs.

Respectfully yours, F. J. P.

HEMLOCK, Dec. 13, 1875.

DEAR FREEMAN—I enclose you answers to some of the problems in your last issue:

To J. McTamany's—First boy realized 24 cts; second boy realized 25 cts.

To Master G. W. Kaylor's—Old man's age 69 3-13; his wife's age 30 10-13 years.

To "Independent's"—A received 63 8-214 acres, and B received 31 206-214 acres.

Here is the answer to J. C. Trout's square problem:

2	7	6
9	5	1
4	3	9

Now here is one for J. C. Trout to work at. Place the figures from 1 to 16 in the following squares, so that they will count 34 diagonally, horizontally, or perpendicularly.

Yours, respectfully, J. C. BROWN.

LIVERMORE, Dec. 11, 1875.

DEAR FREEMAN—Please insert this problem in your "Puzzle Department," if agreeable, and oblige:

The engineer of a certain train—not the "limited mail"—desires to run one hundred miles at the rate of fifty miles the first hour, twenty-five miles the next, and so on reducing one-half in each succeeding hour, until the one hundred miles are accomplished. How many hours would it require? The person who *first* correctly solves the above will receive a *very fine* chromo, by addressing W., Box 43, as above.

W. B. C.

J. C. SCANLAN'S PROBLEM.

On the first of January A began trade with $600, on the first of February following he took in B with $590, and on the first of June following he took in C with $960. At the end of the year they found they had gained $852. What was each mans share of the gain.

A Curious Letter—Contributed by J. C. Scanlan.

Friends stand I A man is contempt

Sir your bearing

Friends disposition the world whilst the ridicule are ambitious

Mr. Trout's puzzle has also been answered by little Ella Byrne, of Cambria township, Master Geo. W. Kaylor, of Allegheny township, M. D. Dilozier, of St. Augustine, and E. F. M., of Chest Springs, all of whom have placed the figures differently from those above given, but the result is the same, "Loretto," however, failed in his solution, inasmuch as his figures do not bring the proper answer when added up diagonally. E. F. M. also solves all the other problems in accordance with the solutions given by A. D. H., as published above. In reply to J. C. Scanlan's first problem he says that the owner's share should have been 90 bushels in lieu of 45 bushels, and that the height of "Loretto's" pyramid from centre of base to apex or top is 245 feet, nearly.

Dr. Finney's Compound Syrup of Buchu is guaranteed to cure Inflammation of the Kidneys and Bladder, painful or suppressed urine, in old age, painful or suppressed menstruation, lacorrhœa or whites, gravel, gleet, stricture, bloody discharges, Bright's disease, brickdust deposits, dropsy, pain in the back or side, sick headache, pimples, blotches and eruptions on the face, and all diseases of a specific or constitutional nature, regardless of duration, age or sex. Compound Syrup of Buchu is a positive and radical cure. For sale by LEMMON & MURRAY, Ebensburg.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county to report distribution of the funds in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of the defendant's real estate, in the case of John Dibert & Co. vs. George W. Berkey and Joseph Cobaugh, on *Fi. Fa.* No. 165, September Term, 1875, hereby gives notice to all parties interested, that he will attend to the duties of said appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on **Friday, December 31, 1875, at 2 o'clock, P. M.**, when and where they must attend or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Dec. 13, 1875. 3t.

Letter from California.

CRESSEY STATION, Merced Co., Cal., Dec. 5, 1875.

H. A. MCPIKE—*Dear Sir:* Just as I expected, the convention threw you overboard. I have known you as a Democrat since 1852, when you commenced your labors on the Johnstown *Echo*, and I formerly believed that your labors for the party in those twenty-three years was worth thousands. Without that assiduous labor, day and night, the party would often have been *without an organ*, and you have succeeded to keep one running during the greater part of that time, and on a more economical basis than any one else could have done. It was meet and proper, therefore, that you should have received the office you sought, but while I hoped, I doubted, and my doubts, I regret to say, have been realized. I hope, however, that Providence may lead you on the road to prosperity and that you may, in California language, yet strike a great *bonanza*.

The election went, to some extent, against my predictions; but I firmly believe that Pennsylvania, is, and always was, Democratic, if there could be an honest expression of opinion. Philadelphia should be stricken from the State, and left to run her Centennial in her own way. There is abundant evidence of fraud, for figures cannot lie, and the population does not justify the vote polled.

The Republicans are at present triumphant, and I should not care for that, if the party would carry out its policy of *resumption*. But I adhere to my opinion, as expressed before the election, that resumption is impossible, and all the intelligent Republicans know that it is impossible. They made the issue with *malice* aforethought, never intending to fulfil their promises, but merely to *bamboozle* the people. They "stole the livery of heaven to serve the Democratic hard money doctrine) to serve the devil in."—As long as we pay *one hundred and three millions dollars of interest annually in coin, while the total proceeds of the mines are only seventy-three millions*, it is impossible to resume specie payment. I do not look for resumption during the 19th century. There are only three ways of getting out of the debt owing to Europe:

1. By Repudiation.
2. By Conquest.
3. By Convertible Paper.

The first way is morally and politically wrong. The second way, *to will*; making money by the conquest of Cuba or Mexico, is putting in a penny and taking a shilling out of the treasury. The third way might succeed if our citizens had two billions dollars in gold and silver, with which to purchase the new bonds, and redeem the bonds held in Europe; but the gold and silver is wanting. Consequently things must remain in *statu quo*. We have already paid, in interest, since the close of the war, *fourteen hundred millions* of dollars, all a dead loss; and the drain still continues. We will pay twice that interest before the foreign debt is extinguished—a poor time to commence another war!

CALIFORNIA.

But I must say something about our prospects out here. We have had a month of rain. It rained during all of November, and it still continues showery. People think that 1876 will be the greatest year for crops and fruit that this State has seen, or will see for many a day. The ground is thoroughly saturated, and with a few good spring showers the crops will be excellent. We had a flood in November that far exceeded that in January last. The Merced rose thirty feet from low water mark and flooded the county. There have been heavy rains and floods all over the State. Many sheep and cattle were drowned. I know one man who lost 1600 sheep, and another that lost 400. Many cattle were *bogged* in the low lands, and consequently lost. The weather is now warm and beautiful, like August in your State after a heavy rain. Grass and flowers are springing up in abundance and our folks are plowing. They sowed 100 acres of rye and they are now at the wheat. The land they are now plowing is one mile and a half long and eighty rods wide —equal to 240 acres. There are six such lands yet to plow.

The Legislature meets this year. It meets to-day. It meet every other year. This body may do something to mend the hard times, but I look for the stringency to continue for some time yet, if not for some years. The tightness of the money market makes the sale of wheat, wool, wine and fruit dull, but wheat will eventually rise in price. England must have breadstuffs and our canals and lakes, and the Baltic sea in Europe, will soon close, leaving the only outlet to be California. This will enhance the price temporarily.

I should like very much to return to the States, but it costs two much. Besides, I have an office now and cannot go. I was unanimously elected a Justice of the Peace for Township No. 4, Merced county, by a majority of two votes. If I only knew who cast those votes I should introduce them to some Pennsylvania calfskin, and send them higher nora kite. But I am to get the laws of California to peruse for two years, which I wish to remark is some consolation. Hoping to hear of a sudden rise in your financial thermometer, I remain,

Truly yours, ROB ROY.

THE holidays ought to be at home when they get to Hollidaysburg.—*Cambria Freeman.* In the favorite phrase of McPike, "Helen blazes" wasn't that witty?—*Hollidaysburg Register.*

No, it *wasn't* witty, nor is it OVER-ly witty even yet, but we flatter ourself that it *is* a much nearer approach to wit than anything original that has ever appeared in the columns of the *Register*. *Quine sabe!*

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE U. S. FOR THE WESTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.—In the matter of GEORGE J. RODGERS, Bankrupt. No. 1740 in Bankruptcy. At Ebensburg on the 15th day of December, A. D. 1875.

This is to give notice that the Court have ordered in the above matter that a final meeting of the creditors of said Bankrupt be held at Ebensburg, in said District, on the 21st day of December, A. D., 1875, at 1 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose named in the twenty-seventh section of the Bankrupt Act of March 2, 1867, before Samuel Harper, Register.

And further, that at said meeting I will report and exhibit to the Court and to the creditors just and true accounts of all my receipts and payments, together with such facts and information as are within my knowledge, pertaining to the estate of the said Bankrupt, to the end that the creditors may take such action thereon as is allowed and required by said twenty-seventh section.

GEORGE HUNTLEY, Assignee.

Orphans' Court SALE!

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, the undersigned will offer at Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on

MONDAY, Jannary 3d, 1876, AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

The following described real estate, of which Wm. Patterson died seized, to wit:

A PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND, situate in the township of Croyle, county of Cambria, adjoining lands of Francis McLaran, Theodore Makins, and Patterson's heirs, containing

17 ACRES AND 75 PERCHES,

WITH THE APPURTENANCES.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by judgment bonds and mortgage.

R. L. JOHNSTON,
Dec. 17.-3t. Adm'r of WM. PATTERSON, dec'd.

Orphans' Court Sale.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, the undersigned will offer at Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on

MONDAY, January 3d, 1875, AT ONE O'CLOCK, P. M.,

The following described real estate, of which Edward Glass died seized, to wit:

ONE and ONE-HALF LOT GROUND situate in the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, fronting on High street and extending back to Lloyd street, adjoining lot of Dr. D. W. Evans on the east and Mary Ann street on the west, having thereon erected a

TWO STORY FRAME HOUSE
AND A FRAME STABLE.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-half the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the balance in one year thereafter, with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage at the purchaser.

R. L. JOHNSTON,
Dec. 17.-3t. Executor of EDW'D GLASS, dec'd.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE!

BY virtue of a decree of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, the undersigned Trustee, appointed by said Court, will expose to public sale on the premises, at 1 o'clock, P. M., on

SATURDAY, JAN. 8th, 1876,

all the right, title and interest of Thomas Platt, and also the legal title remaining in Ebenezer Williams, deceased, being the full, legal and equitable title of, in and to the following described real estate, viz:

All that certain Piece or Tract of Land

situate in Cambria township, in said county of Cambria, adjoining land of Thomas M. Jones, deceased, A. Y. and Geo. W. Jones, Henry Byrne, John M. Williams, heirs of Andrew Weible, deceased, and Johnston Moore, containing 78 acres, more or less, about 73 acres of which are cleared and in a high state of cultivation—having thereon erected a two story

Frame House and a Frame Barn.

The location of the above described FARM is very desirable, being situated only a short distance east and within full view of Ebensburg.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third on confirmation of sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by mortgage and bond. DWIGHT JONES, Trustee.

Ebensburg, Dec. 13, 1875.-3t.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

AND OTHER DAYS!

LOOK

AT THE LIST OF A PORTION OF OUR STOCK:

INITIAL HANDKERCHIEFS

HEMMED AND BORDERED HANDKERCHIEFS,

HANDKERCHIEFS IN BOXES, GENTS' LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS!

SILK AND WOOLEN MUFFLERS AND TIES.

Buck and Sheepskin Gloves,

Ladies' and Gents' Kids, Berlin Gloves, Cloth Gloves, Buck Mitts, Gauntlet Gloves, Fur Gloves.

JACKETS for Men, JACKETS for Ladies.

Hoods, Knitted Sacques, Nubias, Hats, Bonnets, Flowers, Wings, Ribbons, Plumes, Feather and Fur Trimming, Plain and Balmoral Germantown Yarn, Bergman's Zephyrs, Slipper Patterns.

ALL KINDS OF MOTTOES.

LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS,

PANNIERS, SATCHELS, CORSETS, FINE IMPORTED LADIES' HOSE,

PLATED JEWELRY, BLACK JET JEWELRY, CUFF BUTTONS,

Pocketbooks, Combs, New Perfumery in fancy bottles, Fancy Soaps, Elegant Work Baskets, Comb Baskets, New Styles of Clothes Brush.

ELEGANT SILK DRESS GOODS,

AND OTHER DRESS GOODS OF LATEST ST

The Treatment of Diptheria.

To the Editor of Scientific American :

I wish to make known to the public a method of treatment for diptheria, which has been uniformly successful, in the practice of the writer, during a number of years, which included two epidemics; and in a large number of cases, not a case has been lost since this treatment was adopted. I feel confident that, by its general use, the mortality may be reduced to one per cent. or even less. I have heretofore delayed publishing the results in order to make sure that the treatment was really what it promised to be, and I now wish to use the columns of your journal, in order that the public generally may have the knowledge in their own possession.

An attack of dyphtheria is usually ushered in with a high fever and headache, and, in children, with nausea and vomiting. There is great prostration. Upon the tonsils and surrounding parts are seen white, snow-flaky patches. In malignant cases, the patches are often yellow or brownish, and a terrible odor is perceived.

The remedy found successful by the writer is permanganate of potash, in conjunction (not combination) with the tincture of belladona. The method of administration is as follows: From 2 to 3 grains (not more) of the permanganate are dissolved in from 2 to 4 ozs of water in a goblet. Five drops of the official tincture of belladonna, or, better, from 10 to 20 drops of the 1st decimal homœpathic tincture of the same drug, are put into another goblet with an equal quantity (2 to 4 ozs.) of water. A teaspoonful is to be taken from each goblet alternately at intervals of a half or one hour. It is, perhaps, needless to say that separate spoons should be used, and the goblets kept covered.

In twenty-five hours, frequently, a favorable change will be seen, but quite as often the disease seems to go on unchecked, save that the fever may seem a little more moderate; but I can assure my readers that, during the second day of the treatment, a most marked change will take place. The fever will entirely subside, the mind will brighten, the tongue will begin to grow clean, and the deposits upon the fauces will peel off at their edges or gradually break away. The patient will be upon the highway to recovery, and a day or two more of the treatment will bring back the normal hue of health, and an appetite to correspond. In rare cases, however, when the constitution is bad (cachectic), a longer time, five, six, seven days, may be required; but even here the treatment has not failed.

* * * * * *

I have also found the permanganate of potash very successful in the treatment of certain slow forms of putrid and typhoid fevers, with loaded tongue, foul breath, etc., and in recurring boils. This lends additional force to the theory of its action above indicated. I am sure that this drug, so rich in oxygen the life giver, so harmless in its action upon the human system, will well repay study by the profession generally, which it has heretofore only received, and that in a very inadequate degree, from the homœpathic branch.

J. W. HEYSINGER,
Philadelphia, Pa.

FIRST USE OF THE HANDKERCHIEF.—Until the reign of the Empress Josephine, a handkerchief was thought in France so shocking an object that a lady would never have dared to use it before any one. The word even was carefully avoided in refined conversation. An actor who would have used a handkerchief on the stage, even in the most tearful moments of the play, would have been unmercifully hissed; and it was only in the beginning of the present century that a celebrated Mlle. Duchesnoise, dared to appear with a handkerchief in her hand. Having to speak of this handkerchief in the course of the piece, she never could summon courage enough to call it by its true name, but referred to it as a slight tissue. A few years later, a translation of one of Shakspeare's plays, by Alfred de Vigny, having been acted, the word handkerchief was used for the first time on the stage, amid cries of indignation from a great part of the house. I doubt not if even to day, French elegantes would carry handkerchiefs if the wife of Napoleon I. had not given the signal for adopting them. The Empress Josephine, though really lovely, had ugly teeth. To conceal them she was in the habit of carrying small handkerchiefs, adorned with costly lace, which she continually raised gracefully to her lips. Of course all the ladies of the court followed her example, and handkerchiefs have rapidly become an important and costly part of the feminine toilet; so much so that the price of a single handkerchief of the troseau of the Duchess of Edingburg would make the fortune of a necessitous family.

A NATURAL CURIOSITY.—The San Francisco *Bulletin* says: "On the panel of one of the desks on exhibition at the Merchants' Exchange a human head is plainly represented in the natural grain of the wood. The panel is of bird's-eye walnut, and for the most part bears a close resemblance to a chaotic sea of flame, in the midst of which a shaggy head appears. The features are those of a middle aged man and bear a look of despair. It is not unfrequent that the grain of bird's-eye walnut contains outlines which by a little stretch of the imagination, can be made to appear like animated forms, but resemblances so plain and unmistakable as this one are very rare."

HOLD on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, speak harshly, or use an improper word.

IT PAYS! IT PAYS!!
What Pays?

IT PAYS every **Manufacturer, Merchant, Mechanic, Inventor, Farmer,** or **Professional man,** to keep informed on all the improvements and discoveries of the age.

IT PAYS the Head of every family to introduce into his household a newspaper that is instructive, one that fosters a taste for investigation, and promotes thought and encourages discussion among the members.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN! which has been published weekly for the last thirty years, does this, to an extent beyond that of any other publication; in fact it is the only weekly paper published in the United States, devoted to **Manufactures, Mechanics, Inventions** and **New Discoveries** in the Arts and Sciences.

Every number is profusely illustrated and its contents embrace the latest and most interesting information pertaining to the Industrial, Mechanical, and Scientific Progress of the World; Descriptions, with Beautiful Engravings, of New Inventions, New Implements, New Processes, and Improved Industries of all kinds; Useful Notes, Receipts, Suggestions and Advice, by Practical Writers, for Workmen and Employers, in all the various arts, forming a complete repertory of New Inventions and Discoveries; containing a weekly record not only of the progress of the Industrial Arts in our own country, but also of all New Discoveries and Inventions in every branch of Engineering, Mechanics, and Science abroad.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN has been the formost of all industrial publications for the past Thirty Years. It is the OLDEST, LARGEST, CHEAPEST, and the best *weekly* illustrated paper devoted to Engineering, Mechanics, Chemistry, New Inventions, Science and Industrial Progress, published in the World.

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THE WEEKLY SUN.
1776. NEW YORK. 1876.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-six is the Centennial year. It is also the year in which an Opposition House of Representatives, the first since the war, will have power at Washington, and the year of the twenty-third election of a President of the United States. All of these events are sure to be of great interest and importance, especially the two latter; and all of them and everything connected with them will be fully and freshly reported and expounded in THE SUN.

The Opposition House of Representatives, taking up the line of inquiry opened years ago by THE SUN, will sternly and diligently investigate the corruptions and misdeeds of GRANT'S administration; and will, it is to be hoped, lay the foundation for a new and better period in our national history. Of all this THE SUN will contain complete and accurate accounts, furnishing its readers with early and trustworthy information upon these absorbing topics.

The twenty-third Presidential election, with the preparations for it, will be memorable as deciding upon GRANT and his supporters for a third term of power and plunder, and still more as deciding who shall be the candidate of the party of Reform, and as electing that candidate. Concerning all these subjects, those who read THE SUN will have the constant means of being thoroughly well informed.

The WEEKLY SUN, which has attained a circulation of over eighty thousand copies, has its readers in every State and Territory, and we trust that the year 1876 will see their numbers doubled. It will continue to be a thorough newspaper, and the general news of the day will be found in it, compressed when unimportant, at full length when of moment; and always, we trust, treated in a clear, interesting and instructive manner.

It is our aim to make the WEEKLY SUN the best family newspaper in the world, and we shall continue to exclude from its columns a large amount of miscellaneous reading, such as stories, tales, poems, scientific intelligence and agricultural information, for which we are not able to make room in our daily edition. The agricultural department especially is one of its prominent features. The fashions are also regularly reported in its columns; and so are the markets of every kind.

The WEEKLY SUN, eight pages with fifty-six broad columns, is only **$1.20** a year, postage prepaid. As this price barely repays the cost of the paper, no discount can be made from this rate to clubs, agents, Postmasters, or any one.

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Soft Coal, Hard Coal
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Will open the first week in November a choice and elegant assortment of the latest novelties for Winter in

SILK VELVET SUITS,
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And a large invoice of
SEAL SKIN SAQUES,
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THE BEST FINISHED AND MOST PERFECT "FLAT IRON" EVER MADE.

Interchangeable Handle and Shield Combined.

The handle is entirely separate, and may be used for any number of Irons. It can be adjusted instantly, and being provided with a shield the hand is completely protected from the heat. **No holder** is required when using. When the Iron is being heated, the handle must be detached. We will send to any address, on receipt of Draft or P. O. Order for the amount, either of the following sets:

Patented May 4, 1875.

Set No.			
1	1-3 Irons of 5, 6 and 7 lbs., 1 handle,	$2 00
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Nickel plated Irons, 75cts. per set extra.

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☞ The "IRON CITY COLLEGE is the *only* institution of the kind, in this city, that we recommend to the public patronage."—*Presbyterian Banner*, Pittsburgh, Pa. [9-17.-3m.]

E. H. PLANK, M. D., respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. Office adjoining residence and immediately in the rear of Hon. R. J. Lloyd's drug store. Night calls can be made at the residence of Mrs. Bunn, on Crawford street, Ebensburg. [4-24.-tf.]

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
EBENSBURG, PA.

Office on High street, nearly opposite Blair's Hotel. Residence in Town Hall, Julian street, where night calls should be made [4-4.-tf.]

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Physician and Surgeon.
CARROLLTOWN, PA

Office recently occupied by M. J. Buck, M. D. in rear of John Buck's store. Night calls may be made at Mr. Buck's residence. [10-1,'75.]

J. B. McCONNELL, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
LORETTO, PA.

Office formerly occupied by Dr. Jamison. Night calls can be made at Post-office. [5-14.-6m.*]

F. A. SHOEMAKER.....WM. H. SECHLER.

SHOEMAKER & SECHLER,
Attorneys-at-Law.
[9-1.] EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA. [tf.]

J. GALLITZIN LAKE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office with Register and Recorder, in Court House.

A Panther Hunt.

AN EXCITING CHASE BY SIXTEEN MEN IN VERMONT.

Last Friday, as Mr. H. N. Fitts, of West Wardsboro', and Mr. S. Perry were going to their work, blasting lime rock from a ledge situated in the edge of Stratton, they noticed the tracks of a wild animal. Supposing they belonged to a bear, they concluded to follow them for a short distance to satisfy their curiosity. These soon led into a piece of woods about a mile southwest of the village of West Wardsboro'. Here Mr. Fitts and his companion abandoned their search, intending to secure help and follow it up the next morning. Saturday morning the hunters, about sixteen in all, armed with rifles, shotguns and revolvers, and accompanied by several dogs, started for the animal. They first passed around the woods to make sure that the supposed bear had not left his lair, and then the whole place was surrounded by a chain of armed men to prevent his escape if he should make a break for the mountains. Twelve of the hunters were thus arranged, while Messrs. Fitts, Perry and H. B. Johnson, with two boys and four dogs, entered the woods to stir up the beast. The dogs were kept back by ropes until the proper time and place should be reached, and the hunt commenced. The trail of the previous evening was soon struck, and in a few moments they came upon the half devoured remains of a hedgehog. The bed where some large animal had lain the night before was discovered, and fresh tracks were apparent on all sides. The uneasiness of the dogs as they struggled to free themselves from their leashes also made evident the near presence of the game. When they were loosed, they darted through the brush, yelping and barking, while the hunters followed on as fast as possible. Soon the barking ceased, and the animals rushed hither and thither hunting for the trail, evidently at a loss. Mr. Perry, however, who was armed with a shot gun, doubly loaded with shot and ball, discovered a dark-looking object in the top of a tall hemlock. Without a moment's warning, he raised his gun and fired and the dark object came tumbling to the ground, disclosing to the eyes of the astonished hunters a regular American panther. Although shot through the breast and with one of his forelegs broken by the fall, the magnificent animal was disabled but not conquered, and as the dogs attacked him, clearing himself with his uninjured paw, he leaped into the air over the heads of the men, and landed in a thicket a dozen or fifteen feet away. The dogs, however, were gritty and terribly in earnest, and when he leaped again he carried one of them with him, clinging to his flank. He attempted to climb a tree, but this, in his disable condition, was impossible, so, dropping to the ground, he made a dash for a clump of dead tree tops, a few rods distant. Away went the panther and the dogs scratching, snarling and yelping, while the men followed close behind urging on the dogs. Hitherto the demonstrations of the hunters had been more noisy than effective, but as the panther was disappearing in a thicket of spruce trees, Johnson seized him by the tail and called on Perry to help in making the capture. Perry loyally responded, but just as he had got a good hold the beast gave a leap, carrying both of the men with him, and for a few moments aerial navigation was nowhere. The panther went over a tree-top, but the men remained on the other side, still clinging to his tail. He tried to turn and fight them, but the dogs were on hand. Just at this moment Johnson bethought himself of his revolver, and five bullets were lodged in his head. Still the fight continued, and Mr. Fitts, who had not been an idle spectator, managed to fasten a rope around the panther's leg and fasten him to a tree. Shot guns and pistols were empty, but the panther, though weakened, refused to die, and the life of the "king of the American forests" was brought to an ignominous close by the use of a pocket-knife and cudgel. He measured seven feet from tip to tip, and weighed 105 pounds. Three toes were gone from his fore foot, seeming to evince an intimate acquaintance with a steel-trap some time in the past. Hunters and dogs escaped unhurt—a fact probably due to the severe injuries sustained by the animal in the early part of the fight. The carcass was borne in triumph to the village and exhibited to the wondering eyes of the inhabitants.—*Rutland (Vt.) Herald.*

INTERFERENCE IN FAMILY QUARRELS.—The Danville *Advocate* relates the following incident, occurring in the early days of Kentucky: "Capt. Jack Jewett. Robin Mosby and Ben Bradshaw were traveling from Virginia to Kentucky on horseback, as the mode then was. Capt. Jewett was a large, fine-looking man, and a fair specimen of the sort of men that gave character to the period that embraces the early history of Kentucky. As the three rode along, their attention was attracted by angry words that came from a cabin by the roadside. Words were succeeded by blows, when Capt. Jewett said: 'Let's ride up and see what this fight is about.' They galloped up to the cabin, when, lo! it was a man and his better-half having a regular 'set-to,' and she was getting the better half of it. 'Hold my horse,' said Jewett, 'and I will teach the fellow a lesson he will never forget.' With one blow of his fist the man lay prostrate on the floor. The good wife looked at her husband a moment, and then at Jewett, when, reaching back, she caught up a large, long-handled frying pan, and letting drive at Jewett's head, the bottom went out and the rim went over his head and around his neck, such was the force of the blow. All efforts failing to get the remnant of the frying-pan from around Jewett's neck, he had to wear it for about five miles on his road, when a file in the hands of a blacksmith released him."

A SHADOW.—This is an Indiana story, told by the Evansville *Journal:* "A night or two ago one of our prominent merchants went home late with his mind distracted by columns of figures, and a little absent minded. The house is on the corner and a gas light throws its enlivening rays staight through the front parlor windows. He opened the front door and after locking it opened the parlor door and walked through. The blinds had been allowed to remain up, and as he walked into the room his shadow fell full and plainly on the opposite wall. He stopped short at the sight, and in a moment thoughts of burglars sallied through his mind and he felt for his pistol pocket, but there was no weapon at home. Then he began to back quietly out of the door, with the hope that if he got out without giving the alarm he would not be shot by the burglar, whom he saw feel for his pistol simultaneously with himself. Then he backed to the front door and opened it rapidly, after losing sight, of the intruder. As he was backing out of the front door, however, the shadow fell on the door also, and it looked so familiar he stopped and reflected—and then went in and got to bed."

A PIECE of red pepper the size of your finger nail, put into meat or vegetables when first beginning to cook, will add greatly in destroying the unpleasant odor arising therefrom. Remember this when you are boiling sauer kraut, cabbage, green beans, onions, chickens, mutton, etc.

EBENSBURG
HARDWARE
—AND—
HOUSE-FURNISH'G STORE
IS THE PLACE TO BUY
STOVES, HARDWARE, TINWARE, IRON,
NAIL, GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, &c.
[6-18.] GEO. HUNTLEY, Prop'r.

FARMERS AND OTHERS, if you intend to build a house or barn, or otherwise improve your property, go to HUNTLEY for NAILS, GLASS, PAINTS, HARDWARE, &c. Money saved by buying for cash.

FARMERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and examine the neatest little CHOPPING MILL ever introduced. It chops from 10 to 12 bushels of rye, corn or oats per hour. BUY ONE—IT COSTS ONLY $35.

FARMERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and buy the BEST CORN FODDER AND STRAW CUTTER ever sold in this county. Their cost more than saved in one year by cutting your feed with it.

THE BEST SILVER-PLATED WARE in the market at 25 per cent. less than city retail prices. Sold for cash at [6-18-'75.-tf.] HUNTLEY'S.

FARMERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and buy your HARVEST TOOLS, which he sells CHEAPER FOR CASH than they can be bought elsewhere in Ebensburg.

HUNTLEY will sell you WALL PAPER as cheap, if not cheaper, than any other dealer in Ebensburg, and trim it into the bargain without extra charge.

BLACKSMITHS, HUNTLEY will sell you Horse Shoes, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Bar Iron, Nail Rod, Cast Steel, &c., VERY LOW FOR CASH.

HOUSEKEEPERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and buy the BLANCHARD CHURN, the best in the world. Sold for CASH at manufacturer's prices.

FARMERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and get the best MOWING AND REAPING MACHINE made. PRICES GREATLY REDUCED.

HOUSEKEEPERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and save 25 per cent. by paying cash for Table Knives, Forks, Spoons, &c.

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HOUSEKEEPERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and buy your Stoves and Tinware. PAY CASH AND SAVE MONEY.

FARMERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and get the best HORSE HAY RAKE ever introduced. CHEAP FOR CASH.

GO TO HUNTLEY FOR CLOTHES WRINGERS. He sells them at greatly reduced prices for the ready cash.

A LARGE LOT OF POCKET AND PENKNIVES very cheap for cash at HUNTLEY'S.

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Cooking Stoves, Heating Stoves.
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the newly-fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.
Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

EBENSBURG
BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Cologne, Magnolia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.

Cigars and Tobaccos,

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Pocketknives, Pipes, &c.

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY.
July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

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JOHN D. THOMAS,
Boot and Shoe Maker

THE Undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calf-skin boots to the coarsest brogans, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS.

CRAWFORD HOUSE,
EBENSBURG, PA.
John Fitzharris, - Proprietor.

HAVING leased and refurnished the above well known and popular hotel, the proprietor is now amply prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage. The best that the market affords will be served at the Table at all seasons, the Bar will be kept constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and the commodious Stable will be under the charge of a careful and attentive hostler. No effort will be spared to render guests comfortable and well pleased in every particular, and by proper attention to business and a moderate scale of prices the proprietor hopes to win his way to public favor. (May 2, 1873.-tf.]

MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING—The attention of the Ladies of Ebensburg and vicinity is directed to the fact that MRS. R. E. JONES has just received an invoice of new and fashionable Millinery Goods, at her rooms in the East Ward, Ebensburg. Wedding Bonnets, Hats, etc., a specialty. Dressmaking promptly and neatly done. The patronage of the ladies is respectfully solicited. 6-1.'71.]

COAL! COAL!!—The subscriber is prepared to furnish, in large or small quantities, all qualities of ANTHRACITE and BITUMINOUS COAL, at lowest market rates. Coal delivered promptly and free of charge for hauling at any point in Ebensburg or vicinity Orders left at the ZAHM STORE will receive early attention. DANIEL H. ZAHM.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. 10-11.6.]

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

F. W. HAY & SON
Manufacturers,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
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TIN, COPERP,
—AND—
Sheet-Iron WARES,
AND DEALERS IN
HEATING PARLOR and COOKING STOVES,
Sheet Metals,
—AND—
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

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W. D. M'CLELLAND.....JOHN HANNAN.
M'CLELLAND & CO.,
Manufacturers of and Dealers in
Fancy and Plain
FURNITURE!
AND CHAIRS.

We keep constantly on hand in great variety a full line of elegant

PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,
IN STYLES AND AT PRICES TO SUIT ALL CUSTOMERS

Having the most skillful workmen in the city, we are prepared to fill all orders for

OFFICE AND HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE!
IN PIECES OR SUITS,
At PRICES Below
Either Eastern or Western Manufacturers.

Wareroom, No. 81 FRANKLIN Street,
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Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.

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WASHINGTON STREET,
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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
DRY GOODS
MILLINERY GOODS,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS,
CARPETS AND OIL-CLOTHS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GLASSWARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,
PROVISIONS and FEED of all kind,
Together with all manner of Western Produce, such as
FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, CARBON OIL, ETC.

☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

Andrew Moses,
TAILOR AND DRAPER,
CLINTON STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Parke's Marble Works,
139 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and execution of work.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try us.

Oct. 24.-m.* JOHN PARKE.

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [aug 21,'72.

The History of Postage Stamps.

The introduction of the postage system, as it at present exists in all countries on the globe, has been credited to England, when in 1840 covers or envelopes were devised to carry letters all over the kingdom at one penny single rate. This plan was adopted through the exertions of Sir Rowland Hill, who has been aptly termed the "father of postage stamps." It appears, however, that there is another aspirant for the introduction of the postage stamp system. In Italy as far back as 1818, letter sheets were prepared, duly stamped in the left hand corner, while letters were delivered by specially appointed couriers for the pre-payment of the money which the stamp represented. It was discontinued in 1836. Whether Italy or Great Britain first introduced postage stamps, other countries began to avail themselves of this method for the payments of letters, although they did not move very promptly in the matter.

Great Britian enjoyed the monopoly of stamps for three years, and during the first stamps were issued in 1840, she has made fewer changes in her stamps than any other country. She has suffered no change at all in the main design—the portrait of Queen Victoria. In other countries, however, as in our own, the Sandwich Islands, the Argentine Republic, the Swiss portraiture on the stamps have been distributed among men in high and low positions. But in Great Britain the Queen alone figures on her stamps, and not even the changes thirty-five years have made in her face are shown on the national and colonial postage stamps.

The next country to lead the people of England, was Brazil in 1843, with a series of three stamps, consisting simply of large numerals denoting their value, and all printed in black. Then came the cantons of Switzerland and Finland, all of whose copies which to-day are very rare, and soon after them, Bavaria, Belgium, France, Hanover, New South Wales, Tuscany, Austria, British Guiana, Prussia, Saxony, Schleswig Holstein, Spain, Denmark, Italy, Odessa, Trinidad Wurtemburg, and the United States. Other countries followed in the train, until at the present writing there is scarcely any portion of the globe, inhabited by civilized men, which has not postage stamps.—*Nicholas for November.*

SAUSAGES.—Collect your meat, containing about one fourth fat selected from the hog; see that it is free from bone, sinew, gristle, etc., wash in cold water, but do not soak it; then to every 20 pounds of chopped meat, allow 4 ounces of sage, 10 ounces of salt, 2 ounces of black pepper, 1 heaping tablespoonful of red pepper, and 1 ordinary tablespoonful of sweet marjoram. As there is no standard of taste, one may think the seasoning too high, while others the ingredients too few. In the one therefore should, to secure the right taste, try it before using the whole mass upon too large a scale. This seasoning is improved by age; put in casings and smoke moderately. These directions give more flavor of sage, and less of pepper, than can take to every 20 pounds of meat, 8 or 10 ounces of salt, 8 ounces of sage, and 1 tablespoonful of black pepper. Mix these well with the hand, and pack into pans; when full dip a cloth in melted lard and spread over the pans; then turn the pans together and remove to a cool place. It is a common way among housekeepers to "cut and try," that is add a little more pepper and sage, to taste, and retasting, and calling in the opinion of the palates of others, till the seasoning is too much pepper and salt, and is irretrievably spoiled. The above proportions are simple, easy and good. But one should you desire to change to suit one's taste, be cautious in using the seasoning, as it easy to add, but not possible to take out again; and remember sausages become more salty as they dry.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

THE ARCTIC NIGHT.—Dr. Hayes gave a sketch, says the New York *World*, of day and night life in Arctic regions. No one but those who have visited Greenland could comprehend the sensation of having nothing else but daylight and other times nothing but darkness. The Arctic night was difficult to be understood. He was kept at Smith's Sound for a long time during the day and night of darkness, while endeavoring to reach the North Pole. His vessel, of only 150 tons, was nearly wrecked, and for some time could not break from the ice, and was had to await the return of the sun's rays. In place of having night in 365 parcels, they were compelled to have theirs all in a lump, and therefore when daylight came they had to use the best of it. For four months out of half they were kept in darkness. Men were not born to live without daylight, Dr. Hayes continued, no more than they were to live alone.

A FEW VALUABLE HINTS.—A little black pepper rolled in some cotton and dipped in sweet oil, is one of the quickest remedies known for the earache.

Stone jars which have become offensive and unfit for use, may be rendered perfectly sweet by packing them full of earth and letting them stand two or three weeks.

To ruin oil-cloths, clean them with hot water or soap-suds, and leave them half wiped, and they will look very bright while wet, and very dingy and dirty when dry, and soon crack and peel off. But if you wish to preserve them, and have them to look new and nice, wash them with soft flannel and lukewarm water, and wipe thoroughly dry. If you want them to look extra nice after they are dry, drop a few tablespoonfuls of milk over them, and rub them with a small cloth.